"THE RED OAK'S MYSTERY," A GREAT NOVEL BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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THE TIGER'S LUST.

A Strange Story of War and Passion in the Orient--- A King's First Love---Fate's Red Decree.

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT, Author of "The Divine Enchantment," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, there lived in a desolate nook of a low range of hills in eastern Turkestan, a pariah girl, Drapudi. She was a descendant of that wretched class of outcasts, who, on account of the distant crime of some shadowy ancestor, are compelled to haunt the jungle depths or rugged mountain wastes, lest that they contaminate society with the clinging curse of their birth.

But that passion which brooks no social caste, had come to Drapudi, pouditing the solitude of her hill cave-home with all the tender fancies that spring from the warm brain of an enamored maiden.

Something of the tigress' subtle grace passed into her body with her passion. Something of the wild but fond light of the jungle blazed in her eyes at the thought of her youthful lover.

Her anger was the rush of the hot typhoon that whips the tropic waters; her languor was the voluptuous doze of the southern seas, pregnant with a sleeping fury. Not the prowling panther, that made the line wastes lonelier with its cry was more untamed than Drapudi.

Her lover was the youthful Zehir, son of the reigning Sultan of the unimportant realm of Kokand, which lay on the eastern bank of the Jaxartes. And although he proudly traced his lineage to the terrible conqueror, Genghis Khan and Timour, yet did he love with the fierce and transient love of tigers, the pariah girl, Drapudi.

Zehir's heart-throb was the echo of wild steed's frenzied hoof-beats. Never was an enemy wanting to test the prowess of a daring arm; and Zehir had breathed with his first breath the boundless, restless spirit of the steppe. And it was in pursuit of lonely adventure that he had found and loved the maiden of the hills. And in accordance with the irresistible and holy instincts of nature, which are only suppressed by the false and artificial laws of civilization, Drapudi had yielded all the subtle beauty of her untamed being to the fiery passion of Zehir.

Whenever the new moon displayed her argent horns through the western hills, silvering the lonely rocks at evening, then the heart of Drapudi glowed within her, for it was then her lover rode over the eastern hills, or rather dawned, for his coming was to her more than dawn of noon or sun.

It was evening and the scintillating crescent in the west proclaimed the time of his arrival. Sitting on a ledge, overlooking a valley to the east, Drapudi gazed anxiously into the shadows, striving to fashion a beloved form out of the thickening darkness.

Beside her sat a boy.

"Oh, that your father would come," she said, half to herself and half to the boy. But the other did not answer; he was a mute, and even if he had not been born so, there was little in the hills to teach him aught but silence.

And as Drapudi looked upon the face of the silent boy, her heart glowed warmly, for, oh, how like the one for whom she waited was he: the same fierce eye; the same proud curl of the lip; only youth was there and silence. Oh, the torture of that silence!

A long time they sat, silently peering into the gloom, momently intensified by the sinking of the moon. But no horseman came out of the shadows.

The night was old when they arose and withdrew into the cave in which they lived. The boy was soon fast asleep upon a mat of grass, but Drapudi did not sleep. Taking a scimiter down from the rocky wall where it hung, she gazed upon its blade sparkling in the uncertain light of a drowsy fire. It was a Saracen's weapon, and upon its steel was graven a Koran verse. Zehir had left it with her, saying: "Keep it; it is my friend: often have I kissed its steaming blade when it has circled fiercely between me and death." And now she gazed upon it lovingly, as she was wont to gaze upon his face, pressing it to her breast, as she had often done with him; and kissing the haft fondly where his hand had clung in the wild convulsion of fight. And thus she fell asleep, dreaming it was Zehir in her arms.

Nights passed and the crescent moon rounded to its full and waned, but Zehir did not come.

The hills had never seemed so lonesome to their pining prisoner before and never had Mournfully Drapudi and her silent child followed the path of the conqueror.

CHAPTER II.

Zehir-ed-din Muhammad, surnamed "Baber" (Tiger) by his followers, owing to his wild might which had strewn the wake of his army with ruins and vassals, now rested at Ghazni in Kabul, as the tiger rests, crouching all his sinewy might for a crushing leap.

It was an important day at the court of Baber. Rumor had rushed across the interrible Conqueror. Who does not seek to stand with the mighty? Today envoys had arrived from the Rana of Chitor, with gentle flattery and the soft, sweet words of fear; insinuating amid their praise of the Conqueror hints of the might of their Sovereign, and urging the advantages of an alliance with the Rana against the Rajahs of the Punjab.

It was agreed that Baber should march upon Agra; Delhi, while simultaneously, the Rana should march upon Agra; after which a union of forces should be accomplished, Baber being made Suzerain of

"Zehir, Zehir," the woman cried.

the voiceless tongue of her child seemed so still. And she said to herself: "Something holds my Zehir from me; nothing but death could check the fury of his love, for did he not say, my love for you is as the tiger's love? I will go to Kokand, and find my tiger, even if I be but to kiss the chill from his lips for a moment. I will go to Zehir."

After weary days of traveling Drapudi arrived at Kokand with her child. But she found no bustle of arms, no teeming city as she had imagined; no Zehir. Only the silent streets, with now and then an old man, whose unwieldy hand had lost its erstwhile cunning with the scimiter; and from these she learned how the old Sultan had died, and Zehir-ed-din Muhammad, having been proclaimed Sultan and impelled by his restless daring, had led the whole of the Mogul army southward in the paths of conquest.

dus, shouting in the startled ears of Hindoo Chitor and the principalities of the land of Rajahs of the irresistible advance of the the five rivers.

The kneeling envoys had arisen and withdrawn from the imperial presence. Baber was lounging with his nobles, pleased with the recent interview with the minions of the Rana, when a slave entered the chamber, falling upon his hands and knees, as was the wont of slaves, and creeping thus, approached the mighty prince.

"What hast thou to say, Gog?" roared the Sultan.

"A woman with a boy would speak to thee, O most gracious and powerful Sultan," returned the slave, in an awesome tone of abjectness.

"Lead the woman in—if she be fair," said Baber, casting a glass around at the nobles for the ever ready meed of obsequious laughter at the jest implied.

Soon there walked into the hall, with nothing of the abeurd and customary reverence a woman leading a child. They were roughly clad, and wearisome travel had tattered their simple garbs. Yet through the rude covering of the woman, shone like the moon beneath a tattered cloud, that sublime harmony of girlish grace, and in her dark eyes, now glowing with the slight ire of him who was the center of her dreams, brooded some sweet, tender spirit born of love and solitude.

Sudden recognition blanched the cheek of the Sultan. A boundless depth to the height acts upon some souls like aged wine; and Baber, dazzled with the sight of splendid prince; bewildered with the sweet, old sweet applause of flattering subjects, had quite forgotten the little princess he had fled at the tender lips and warmed upon the faithful breast of the parish girl, Dru-dupeli. Who should he for whom the mystic lands of India blushed with willing brides, why should he retain the memory of the kisses of an outcast maiden of the hills? And now he would have cried aloud, had not his throat choked as with the grip of a dying man's hand.

"Zehir, Zehir" the woman cried, tremulously, "have I come to you, my tiger-

But Baber, turning to a noble who lounged beside him, smiling with the gladsome breathless interest into the veins of youth, he groaned, hoarsely: "Take them away, set them to the Rana's quick, or they head if thou dost not."

So the two were hurried from the hall, one in tears, the other in silent wonderment.

Is the singing voice of glory so much sweeter than the appeal of a passionate woman?

CHAPTER III.

It was after the storming of Delhi; Baber, having led his ten thousand scimiters across the Indus, had routed the hosts of Ala-ud-din against the incompetent Sultan of Delhi, and now the crescent flag waved from the city's fanes and palaces.

Ten thousand exultant voices broke with riotous mirth the sacred silence of her temples, where creeping centuries had known naught but the sighing of the dreaming gods and wide-eyed wonder of the kneeling priests.

Ten thousand angry blades were dim with the blood of the slain, and smoking with that vital incense so dear to the celestial nostrils of Allah. All night long the air was filled with the whir of falling blades and the shrieks of those still true to their imputed Brahma, as the edge of the Saracen's steel freed them from the fragile dream of sleep to the strange calm of Nirvana.

And in the Trimourti's temple swelled another sound than that of praying priests; for Baber and his nobles, weary of the toilsome hacking of bodies, had quenched the lifeblood of the vine, and brawled the hours away.

The smoking lamps lit with a weird glow the fierce faces of the boozegitting warriors. Here and there sckwled a visage, seamed with many an Afghan blade in ecstatic fury among the Rajput defenders of the Hindoo Kosh, or by the exanguined hands of Saracens and Turks.

And now amid the shouting and the ribald songs, in which the ears of the emperor revelled, arose a brief silence to his feet, and shouted: "A toast to the black god of the Jackals! Thus would the conquerors swear to call their enemies in proud derision. All turned to the end of the hall where arose on a three-headed idol carved from black stone, an image of Brahma.

"A health to the three-headed god," roared the maudlin assembly; and thronging about the image, they flashed their cups of wine into the stony mouths with jest and laughter.

"Ha!" yelled one: "Brahm hath an excellent mouth for the cup!"

"See!" laughed another, "his eyes are glassy."

"Brahm is drunk and he is the universe!" roared another.

"Yes," shouted Baber, "the universe reels when Baber is in wine!"

"Allah, Baber!" shrieked the frenzied warriors: "to the health of the ravening Tiger; may his jaws never thirst for the blood of a Giaour!"

As the cups went round, one rushed into the hall and up to the feet of the jubilant emperor, and pulling him by the sleeve, whispered in his muddled ear:

"Most excellent wine!"

"Most excellent wine!" bawled out the others in their merriment, tiger cub; oil to fill with wine."

Undaunted, the newly arrived quaffed the Sultan's cup, and continued: "Most excellent Sultan, O, Chosen of Allah, there runs a rumor in the streets of Nightfall."

"Go bid this rumor run no more, and ask if it be history," bawled Baber; "tell it the Tiger summons it to his presence where all running is done by Jackals."

"Thou shalt hear, O Arm of Allah, how this liar of Chitor—"

"Rana of Jackals!" Speak, is this Eater of shrubs also drunk?"

"How this Rana of Jackals," continued the other, "is false to thee, O, Chosen of Allah; laughs at thee, O, Tiger of Koland; has leagued with three enemies, O, rightful Padishah!"

An angry light flashed into the dim eyes of the emperor; a light like the quick flash of a descending scimitar.

"Hear, O, faithful followers!" he shrieked; it was like the unleashed tiger's cry. And the shouts and songs grew silent as with fear beneath his awful wrath. His wine-saturated blood rushed to his face, burning as with a flame; and well his warriors knew how that glow presaged the flame of cities, that eye-light the scintillations of embattled blades, and that shriek the wail of foes.

In choking gasps his voice came: "Followers of the Faithful, what dog of you loves not Baber?"

"Speak!" cried the assembly, "these shall answer!"

And a double row of curved blades whistled from their scabbards, making dim lightning, like the quick flash of a parting storm.

"It is noised abroad how this dog, Rana, leagues against the Tiger; he hath withheld rebellious tribute, this paper I hold. Shall the jackall bark at the moon? Was it"for this his salaaming envoys came to me beyond Indus with words as sweet as bursting dates, beseeching Baber to subdue his enemies? To turn his pup's milk teeth against the befriending Tiger? The pariah dog! By the mid night and the Prophet, he shall cleanse his lair with Allah's flames; and drag him at my steed's tail until he be dismembered."

Foam came into the mouth of the enraged monarch, and the infuriated band filled up the silence with its clash.

"Allah Baber! Death to the pups! On to Chitor!" The assembly was a glitter of steel and angry eyes.

But now another tumult arose one whose eye had not the glare of wine nor the glare of wrath, but whose lips' milk teeth gnashed

love; why art thou sad, my fair sister? Dost thou love not Baber?"

"Speak to me of Hafiz," murmured she, as one who speaks in dreams.

"Hafiz, who is he?" they cried, with mock breathlessness.

"He is Hafiz; canst thou not speak to me of Hafiz?"

But now there was a bustle among the maidens of the harem, as Baber entered with a loud voice. "Begone, women! How dost thou dare to breathe the same breath with my Padishah rose? Ah, my flower, there thou bloomest like a Kashmir bud in a corner of a garden gone to weeds."

And he approached her couch with eager step and seized her in his ardent embrace.

"Pity me, O, gracious Padishah," she moaned, with gentle struggle.

"Not pity thee, O, Peyala, I love thee," and as he spoke, the king in him was lulled to lover.

"Be my Ranee, and thy dainty foot shall press the necks of Hafiz. Be my Ranee, and whatever realm thou dost bless, with thy gaze, shall be thy footstool. Love me, and wherever thy foot shall fall, ten thousand blades shall write thy name with lightning!"

"Give me Hafiz, O, most gracious Padishah," she wept. At the sound of an unconquered rival's name, the conqueror rushed back into his heart.

"From Asgarbes to Jumna the name of Baber is a spell; thrones crumble when the Tiger is roused; then shall not the arm of Allah!" And he pressed hot kisses to her lips, unleashing the relentless fury of his tiger love.

And, vainly struggling, she succumbed to the fervor of his passion; while he drank with feverish lips at the pure, untasted fountains of her youth.

CHAPTER VII.

The year drew and now its ninth new moon, silvery, of the western skies at evening, proclaimed the month of Ramadan, this the last Mohammedans, in emulation of their Prophet's wonted practice, give themselves over to a season of prayer and fasting followed on the third night by the official banquet of the Emir and the revelings of the populace. And although the Great Mogul, Baber, stood rigidly by his faith in matters of conquest, yet was he prone to plunge too deeply in the cup, as we have seen.

Two days of prayer had past, and now the imperial court of Delhi was throngest with merrymaking grandees; and the sound of strings went tinkling through the songs of girls to charm the music-loving ear of Baber.

In the early morning of that day a booded bard had been ushered into Baber's presence. Gray-bearded was he as with age; and many a tale of wanderings through the jungles and the wastes from Cromorin to Kashmir did he tell. And Baber, who was almost as fond of the altar as the sword, bade the sing his ballads to the court.

Upon a dias sat the mighty Padishah, and beside him with mournful mien, his newly-acquired favorite, Dewal Devi; while about them lounged the nobles. It was the bard who spoke:

"Most mighty Sultan, and most fair and gracious Sultana, I beseech thee bid me not unveil my face; the scars of hardship and of years ill befit the concert of the mighty and the fair. My face is old; my heart is young; hear thou my heart." And he struck a thrumbed a prelude on his sitar, and sang, with a voice feeble as with age, this ballad:

"'Twas a maiden spoke at the set of day
To a youth, impatient to be away.
'Where thunder roll and war-steeds neigh:

"I would that thou be brave, and true
To the maid in me and the man in you;
But life was sweet in the day that flew.

"When we sat entraneed with the full, fair moon,
And the bulbul's song and the cricket's tune,
Till our pulses sang with the sitar's tune;

"And thou shalt go where the mad hosts meet,
Where life is slow and death so fleet,
And, O, if we never more should meet!

"And the maiden wept, but the youth replied:
'Plant thou a flower by thy window's side,
And should I sink in the sanguin's tide;

"I shall pray to the gods, and we trust in them.
That my soul may creep in the slender stem,
And bloom in its crimson diadem;

"The blood of my heart shall deepen its red,
And its scent shall speak to thy soul, he said,
And love shall live, though the heart be dead.

"And the maiden wept and the maiden prayed,
And a last long look he cast behind,
As he marched to the tune of a monarch's mind.

"And the days rolled over the arching blue,
While a deeper red in the flower grew,
And its scent was sweet—but the maiden knew."

As he ceased the eyes of many a noble were wet; for had they not visions of fair forms left 'mid the Afghan hills?

At the command of the Padishah, again he touched the strings with simpler song:

"Was I a lotus once,
That close by the Ganges grew;
Why the Monsoon came and fanned to flame
My dreams, begotten of dew?

"Was the hot soul I have now
Once into a frail stem sent,
To fashion the theme of a deva's dream
With a fragrant, dumb content?

"I am half convinced of this,
When the sun-hued winds blow free;
For the blood in my brain hath a soft, sweet strain,
And a flower soft blows in me."

Ere the applause of the court had ceased, as one seized with sudden inspiration, he lifted his veiled eyes to the lovely face of Dewal Devi, and his words came too warm, ly and deep-passioned for the age he feigned.

"The ways of kings are dark, deep ways.
And the ways of love are fair;
In the garden we kissed, while the calm night
Rose up to the spangled amethyst
Where the stars breathed, 'We love,' to me?

"She ways of kings are mighty ways;
But the ways of love are strong;
In the night of my love I rise, I rise,
For I read the old tale in thine eyes,
And thou hast heard my song.'

Like the sudden rush of a tropical morning, quick recognition dawned red in her cheeks and drove the night from her eyes. Her breath came heavily, and she would have thrown herself into his arms, for the cry of "Hafiz, Hafiz!" rushed to her lips, but Hafiz, Hafiz, now in the city of Agra she calmed the tumult of her soul, and at length with calm voice, and something of her wonted lassitude, though now it was feigned, she spoke: "Sweet are thy songs, Hafiz, and, O, sweet the heart of the young, though thou art bent with years; rewire thee with the melody of love gifted with the song of gods."

And as he knelt trembling at her feet before the throne, she whispered in his ear: "Hafiz, Hafiz, meet me at the western tower ere the moon sinks."

But the unhearing ears of Baber and the court were filled with festival.

This extraordinary story of the far east will be continued in next week's Ledger. We are still giving free patterns and free premiums as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

REUNITED BY A BLOCK OF WOOD.

A block of wood—just common hardwood, about ten inches long, an inch and a quarter thick and three inches wide—was the cause, in a small way, of a family reunion which took place recently; and the manner in which the bit of wood figured in the good work is peculiar.

In North St. Louis one of the public schools has fitted up somewhere—in the basement of the building, perhaps—a manual training department, where the boys are taught how to handle various tools; they are given articles to make, each work suited to the making of different articles of more or less utility and usefulness, such as bootjacks, tools, boxes for bootblacks, etc.

One boy who attends this school was given the piece of wood not long since and told to make a pen and pencil trough out of it. In order to accomplish the desired result, it became necessary for him to use a "gouge," which, in any expert mechanic can tell you, is about the most difficult chisel to work with that is manufactured. With this chisel the boy set to work digging his trough.

First he marked out the curves at each end, being careful to begin at equal distances from the ends of the block; likewise the pencil marks at the terminus of the curves must be exactly equi-distant from the sides of the blocks, so that when finished the sink or trough would be placed perfectly in the center.

Cutting away the sides, along the grain of the wood, was easy but cutting the curves across the grain at the ends and rounding or sloping gradually toward the extreme bottom was very difficult. But the boy worked away at it and, little by little, rounded it lower and lower until the required depth was reached.

When completed the "rough" the boy was given emory paper with which to polish the wood, preparatory to receiving its coat of "stain." And the coincidence which made the selection of this stain "just right" is one of the interesting points to the story.

In his pocket the boy carried the trough down town and presented it to his father at the latter's office, explaining to his parent that he had made it himself and thought that it would be useful as a pen and pencil holder. The father, of course, accepted it with thanks and commonplace remarks about it being a "pretty good job for a boy."

This boy's father had in former days been engaged in carpenter and joiner's work. He was the son of a man who was widely known as a perfect mechanic. He knew a perfect bit of work when he saw it.

Taking the pen and pencil trough to his desk, he placed it against the ornamental railing at the back and noted instantly two remarkable things: It not only fitted against the corner of the railing or holding perfectly, but, oddly enough, it was so like the color of the walnut desk that it looked like it had been made as a part of the desk itself.

These two peculiarities so pleased the trained eye of the parent that he began to examine the trough critically.

It was faultless.

Day after day its beauty and appropriateness grew upon the man. It caused him to think.

This parent, whose identity is not necessary to the story, has not been home for over two years. He had had a disagreement with his wife, and somehow got the notion that she and his wife nor his son appreciated him. He thought it would, perhaps, be best for all concerned for him to go away.

This he did.

But he continued to support his family, paying their bills and sending a weekly allowance, while supporting himself at a downtown hotel.

Thus he continued his lonely life, while at home his wife and son—the only children were equally lonely. But the misunderstanding was so firmly fixed that no one hoped for reconciliation.

But the trough.

It lay there upon the desk, such a thing of beauty, such a constant reminder that the boy had not ceased to think of his father, that it made the father think.

It brought many a sober reflection; it called up hints of duty unperformed; it was the means of creating tears of remorse, and, finally, it helped the almost hopeless father to build resolutions.

"Perhaps, after all," he would say to himself, "they did not exactly understand me; perhaps, after all, I misunderstood them."

The boy's father wrote a note to his wife, requesting that he be permitted to come home as a matter of duty, if nothing more.

His wife received him with tears of joy, and a happier family could scarce be found in the city today, while the boy's pencil trough, it is safe to say, will ever remain upon the father's desk, its own silent perfection being to him a lesson in duty and devotion.

Eros and Sun's Distance From the Earth

Late last December the asteroid Eros, which was discovered about three years ago, came within 26,000,000 miles of the earth. This is not the nearest it gets to us, for at one point in its orbit it is, or would be if the earth was in the corresponding position in its orbit, within about 13,000,000 miles, but unfortunately this only occurs once in about forty-five years. Consequently the astronomers took advantage of the conditions prevailing in December to take innumerable photographs of it and a few stars in its vicinity in connection with the sun from all points possible, with the object of using them as a basis for the computation of the sun's distance from the earth, which, though known approximately, has never been determined with precision. As the earth and the stars are now receding away from each other and further photographing, therefore, of no avail for the purpose, the astronomers have begun the task of measuring the photographs, some 5,000 or 6,000 in number, to ascertain the distance in minutes and seconds of an arc between Eros and the neighboring stars. After this is done the intricate mathematical calculations will be entered into. These will occupy many months, or perhaps a year or more, before anything like a definite result can be reached.

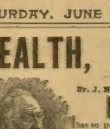
Might Be Worse.

"They say that things in Cuba couldn't be much worse politically."

"Well, I don't know. There seems to be a good prospect of annexing her to the United States."

HEALTH, VIGOR, STRENGTH,

FOR ALL WHO SEEK IT.



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has so perfected his method that it has revolutionized **the Art of Healing,** and it can almost be said there are **no hopeless or incurable diseases.** Mrs. J. W. Henderson, of St. Johns, Washington, who suffered for years with goitre in the ovarian and uterine weakness, was entirely cured by the Peebles' treatment. Mrs. C. Harris, Martinsville, Ia., says she cannot express too much gratitude for the results received through Dr. Peebles' treatment. She suffered for years from falling of the womb. A. Lenz, Silverton, Wash., was pronounced by expert physicians incurable with consumption. Gen. H. Weeks of 40 Minerva Street, Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration of health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia; says he now enjoys restfulness and sleeps sound every night. Inds the **secret of the soul** combined with Magnetic Medicines prepared in his own laboratory, which heals and cures when all else fails. But will send you full instructions and his grand book **without any cost whatever.** Write today; it costs you nothing, and you can **regain your lost health,** no matter how hopeless your case may seem or how long standing.

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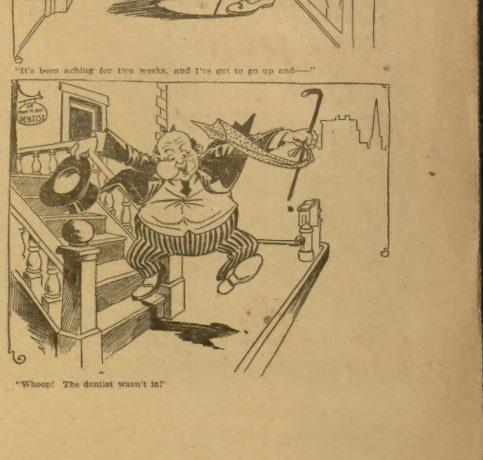
DR. WAM. PULLOUT
DENTIST
"It's been aching for two weeks, and I've got to go up and——"
DR. WAM. PULLOUT DENTIST
"Whoop! The dentist wasn't in!"

Thorns of Transgression.

The Temptation and Fall of a Bank Cashier---A Struggle Against Destiny---Love's Strange Recompense.

By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON,
Author of "A Slave of Circumstances," "The Lady of the Lilacs," Etc.
(Copyrighted by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 22, June 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.
AFTER THE FLIGHT.

Meanwhile, what had transpired after the cashier had fled the city? At the office of the Syndicate Bank the manager, Broadhurst, appeared earlier then usual, for he had a deal to make as soon as the Stock Exchange opened, and wished to take with him the securities which he told the cashier to have in readiness.

He was astonished to find that Derville, who was always so punctual, had not appeared.

"Poor fellow, he has been overworking himself of late! He showed it in his face. He must be ill," was his comment.

He walked up and down the office and occasionally cast a hurried look at the clock, then stared down into the street.

He felt doubly uneasy, fearing that some accident had befallen his confidential man, and then there was that deal waiting which he must be quick to seize before someone else got wind of it.

It must be said that though Broadhurst was a kind-hearted man, at that moment he thought more of the affair of finance than he did of the fate of his faithful follower.

At last when half-past nine came and there was still no sign of his cashier he sent one of his young men over to Brooklyn to get the combination of the safe. Then he fell to walking up and down his office with nervous strides again.

He seemed to have suddenly one or those premonitions that sometimes come to people at such times that all was not right with Derville.

"What do you think I had better do, Hawkins?" he asked his secretary. "I stand to lose a good round sum unless this deal is made before eleven o'clock."

"If Derville were merely ill," replied the young man, a prim person, with a long, pink face, and clad like a divinity student. "He would have sent the combination over himself if he could not come."

"True, true. It must have been a serious accident that happened to him."

"Or something else," replied the gentle voice of the secretary.

The manager eyed him for a moment keenly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you know, sir, that there have been cases of cashiers speculating and—"

"Enough. Attend to your own business!" cried the banker, angrily. "I would as leave distrust Derville as my own brother. How he left the room in a high dudgeon.

Nevertheless, it had aroused a suspicion in his mind that was not to be immediately allayed. Why was it impossible that Derville had succumbed to the passion for speculating that had ruined many a stronger head than him?

For the first time the thought occurred to him that he had shamefully underpaid his hireling, that the man really deserved more.

"D—n it all, I had no right to keep him on such starvation wages and expect him to be honest, handling as much as he did. But I must set my mind at rest. I don't want to think him guilty." Then he called out to the office boy, "Jerry, run up to the Herring Safe company, and tell them to send down a man double quick to open the big safe."

The boy departed on a run, and until he returned Broadhurst paced his nervous march up and down between the offices.

The expert arrived in a few minutes, the safe was opened. The banker waited until they were alone, and then at once threw open the little drawer which contained the securities he wanted to find. The sight of a pile of bonds reassured him, but the next recognized that some had been abstracted.

He felt certain at once who they were, for all along he was in hopes his suspicions had been wrong. It was not the loss of the money that affected him so much, but the loss of his faith in a man he had so long believed trustworthy.

It was no time though for a financier to think of anything else but the matter before him. Thrusting the securities in his pocket, he wrote out a slight check to make up the amount needed and rushed over to the exchange.

His deal had been made—another had profited by his delay, and he returned to the office in no very genial state of mind.

He had no compassion now for the missing cashier.

Meanwhile his messenger sent to Brooklyn, had returned and reported that Mrs. Derville and her children had left the day early that morning and that there was no one about the place.

"A plot between them, no doubt," exclaimed the banker, gritting his teeth. "I'll show him that he can't escape me so easily." He telephoned to police headquarters in Mulberry street to set a watch at the docks for their smartest detectives. Perhaps if it had not been that Broadhurst was blinded by rage he might have overlooked the loss of the money, but to be baffled at the very moment of triumph was too much for flesh and blood to stand. So half an hour's difference had changed good to terrible and cost him a fortune.

The detective arrived and the banker, having stated his case, they proceeded at once to Brooklyn to examine any papers that might be found in the cashier's apartments, to learn, if possible, if he had had any accomplices.

Entrance to the flat was easily gained. The sharp eyes of the detectives noted at once as he entered the dining room, two photographs on the mantelpiece, one of a man and the other of a woman.

"Is that your man?" asked Vyce, pointing to that of the man.

The banker nodded. Now that he was in these neat little apartments with all about the sides of him evidences of a refined poverty, he felt some compunction of conscience, but it was now too late to retreat. He was further moved when he picked up a piece of paper crumpled on the floor which was addressed to him, and which at the last moment the cashier had evidently decided not to send.

It was a confession, tear-stained and blotted, one of those documents so eloquent and moving such as a man unused to composition often writes when at the last extreme.

Broadhurst thrust it in his pocket, much to the detective's disgust, for he was very anxious to see it.

His attention, however, was soon distracted by seeing a card on the floor which he pounced upon with the sudden swoop of a bird of prey, which indeed he resembled as much as a man could. This is what he read, written in lead pencil, almost obliterated:

"At Zeigler's cafe, Nassau street, at noon, with the money.—Barmore."

"Ah, this is from the accomplice," muttered Vyce. "From you, Mr. Barmore, we will attend to you later. Barmore," he kept repeating. "Seems to me that I have heard of that name before."

He put the card in his pocket and went nosing about the room like a pointer dog, leaving no cranny unexamined. The banker had seated himself in a chair. He was beginning to feel that he was guilty himself for this man's downfall. If he had only paid him a decent salary perhaps he might never have been tempted.

"Well, sir, I've got all I want to know," said Vyce, breaking in on his thoughts. "Count on me to find the rascal," and he grinned maliciously.

"Silence!" said the banker; "here is Mrs. Derville."

It was indeed the poor woman herself who entered. She had returned for some things she had forgotten in her hasty departure. She started at the sight of the two men, but at once understood their mission. Broadhurst, with a courtly air, stepped forward as she was about to fall and helped her to a seat.

"Calm yourself, madam," he said, deeply moved.

Vyce muttered something uncomplimentary between his teeth.

"I must question her," he said, firmly.

"It is necessary," said the banker turned away and walked over to the window.

Vyce did examine her at some length. He was merciless, but he gained nothing. She had hoped for that she knew about the crime, but was convinced even against his will that it was innocent. "There is nothing to learn from this lady," he said, addressing the banker.

"I thought as much," muttered Broadhurst, aside.

"But I have my clew and I shall find him," replied the official and went out into the hall.

The banker stood for a moment looking down on the pale face of Mrs. Derville.

"Believe me, madam, I sympathize with you deeply in this extremity, and I wish now that I had not taken any proceedings against him. But in time he will come to my hand.

"I am more guilty than he. It was for love of me he sinned," in a trembling voice. "Could you shake hands with a man, a felon's wife?"

"No, but with a true woman. I wish you would not call him guilty for you at least."

She burst into tears and for a moment the stern banker's frame, but she soon recovered her calmness and shook her head.

"The husband is guilty, but I could not accept nothing from the man he has wronged," and she turned and moved away.

The banker bowed, was silent, and then with respect for her feelings, and pitying her sorrow, left the house, left the room. At the foot of the stairs he came upon Vyce, who was examining a time table attentively.

"I have laid out my plans," said the detective, "and I have got the rascal man in a day or so. I know where to go."

"Then I leave it in your hands," replied the banker, and pushed his way into the street, feeling more disgusted with himself than he had ever before in his life.

The detective stared after him and made no attempt to follow.

"That's it, hang 'em," he muttered. "Want the police to do their dirty work and then turn around and abuse 'em. He don't want to find him, either. The grass widow's tears had their effect. Very good, that is all the more reward for me. Why I mean to kick him if he is on the face of the earth."

Having said this with a grin he thrust his time table in his pocket and set out, humming gaily as he went along.

PART SECOND.
"THE SINS OF THE FATHERS,"
—
A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

Ten years have passed since the ex-cashier had left the city forever. Many a change in form or curious people had gathered about the docks at the North river belonging to the South American trade.

It was an interesting sight to see the great batches of bananas, figs and other fruits of the tropics being unloaded and piled high on the pavement, while the warmth of the air was filled with a pungent and perfumed odor that baffled description.

The crowd on the docks had been watching a fruit ship unload now shifted to a neighboring dock opposite, and a crowd was about to make a landing.

Walking restlessly up and down, keeping out of sight as much as possible, yet at the same time eager to get a view of the city, was a man whom few who knew him well might have passed for fifty odd years, though his white hair, free from dye, betokened a much younger man.

This person seemed to be so eager to get ashore waited until all the other passengers had walked off before he made any move for the gang plank. He carried a large valise with him which seemed to be his only baggage.

It did not take long to have this inspected and he was allowed to pass his way through the crowd to the street.

He, doing so, came upon a man down who was just entering the dock. With a muttered apology, he raised his face, half-hidden by a slouch cap, and that man passed on with a gliding step.

The man he had met with uttered a low whistle and looked after him with a mingled expression of wonderment on his face. Then, wheeling around, he looked at a distance the man in gray, who, after hailing a hack and mounting the horse, had finally paused before a very humble hotel down toward the river.

He had hardly registered and ascended the stairs to his room, when the man who had followed him arrived in the little hotel office. He looked at the name that had been registered and smiled.

"John Darcus, eh! Well, why not? One name is just as good as another." And he smiled as he registered his own name below that of the passenger from the south, requesting that he be assigned to the adjoining room, which happened to be vacant.

John Darcus, as he called himself, did not leave his chamber that day but had a frugal supper served upstairs. The man who had followed him, for the same reason, perhaps, followed suit, but he did not retire at the same early hour as his neighbor.

He was an ill-looking fellow, shabbily dressed, who even in his present seediness, carried out a certain idea of the fop. Once he must have been a handsome man, but drink and an evil life had left indelible marks behind and there was about him a certain cunning and craftiness that would have led even the most ignorant judge of human nature to instinctively distrust him.

"What was he doing there? For he had brought no baggage with him, unless it was contained in the capacious pockets of his blue coat, which seemed to be bulging out with various bulky articles. When, midnight had struck, this strange guest took off his shoes carefully and slipped noiselessly up to the door that communicated with the other room, and bending his ear to the key hole, listened until he was satisfied that his neighbor was really asleep. Then, taking off his coat, he drew from one of the inner pockets a bunch of curious shaped keys.

He tried them one by one in the lock with the noiselessness of an experienced hand, at moment at the door swung in and he entered the room where the sleeping man lay.

The gas was burning feebly, but it was enough to distinguish objects with some distinctness.

For a moment he bent over the sleeper and, satisfied, he was still, he stepped over to the window by which the valise of John Darcus lay. Kneeling down he proceeded to pick the lock.

This was not as easy a job as the last to which he had come. The current of humanity which, however, he was sensible enough to give vent to in a low key.

Then, as he was aware that he worked there in that semi-darkness before he had opened the valise. His eager hands had just been thrust in to examine the contents when a pair of strong hands seized him by the throat and he was dragged back on his knees.

"Oh, I've got a good grip on you, so you need not struggle," said his assailant, the man who had followed him from the hotel and been intent on rifling.

"That sounds like the voice of that tone I shall certainly do my duty."

The burglar stepped nearer to him, and Darcus felt that he was powerless to cope with the other's ears.

"Why, you wouldn't, Richard Derville, alias Darcus, for if you did I should have a confession to make that would send you back in horror and alarm, he turned the gas on full and rubbing his hands on his breast, exclaimed with a triumphant air.

Take a good look at me before you make up your mind to arrest me, Richard Derville."

"Barmore!"

"That used to be my name, but for various reasons, perhaps as good as you have, Derville decided it was better to take another."

"I thought I should never see you again," muttered the former cashier of the Syndicate bank, as he sat down on the bed and leaned his head upon his hand.

"You can expect none from me," said Derville, setting his face like stone. Barmore had evidently expected this answer for it showed no surprise at all, only a cruel heart.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are going to deny me a little assistance, pal?"

"Pal, you villain! You were the cause of my ruin!"

A dark look passed over the other's face.

"Come, no hard names now, or you and me will have a falling out. It would be very ill-advised for me to be tempted when it comes to that I could tell my tough story. I shall make things very hard for you, Mr. Richard Derville, embezzler."

The cruel sting since anyone had spoken of his crime that the ex-cashier shuddered now that it was hurled in his teeth.

"What do you want of me?" he said at last, faintly.

"Want? Why what all the world is striving for. Money! That's what I want, my boy—nothing more."

"Money, I have none."

"Have none?"

"No; I have none."

The other uttered a hoarse laugh that was positively fiendish in its glee.

"You don't expect me to believe that, do you? You, who have been living on the fat of the land for ten years, and mean to say that you have picked up no money in all that time?"

"That is exactly what I mean. I made some money at first, but in all my unfortunate speculations. Everything I own in the world is contained in these valises yonder."

This he said with such an air of sincerity that Barmore, who had mixed a good deal with the world, could not help but believe him. He could not conceal his disgust at such a miserable termination, but after staring at the floor for a moment, he said:

"Well, then, no reason why you should starve; a man of your ability might do another job as slick as the last."

This was too much. Derville started to his feet and for a moment glared at Barmore as if he would have rent him in pieces.

"Do you think that I am made as you are, that I would ever be tempted again? Go, go, and give me up if you will. I see now that it was wrong for me to return, wrong for me ever to expect any peace again on

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earth," and he fell back weakly on the bed and sobbed.

Barmore looked at him for some moments with a pitying smile.

"If you have no money I can tell you where you can get it and honestly," he said, at length.

Derville looked up. "How, tell me?"

"From your wife."

"She is living?" and the hunted man's face for the first time expressed the delight he felt at the news.

"Living. I should say so, and in clover, too."

"I never heard from her in all these years."

"She is living and well."

Derville, who had felt glad as first at the intelligence, again grew sad, for what did it matter after all, if she was happy, he was nothing to her and he had no right to break in on her happiness.

"And you think that—that you might blackmail her through me, eh?" he asked, at length. "Never! I would rather kill myself than make such a compact."

He sank deep in thought, biting his nails and trying to find some way out of this fresh trouble which had so suddenly come upon him.

"Look here," he said, at length, "if you had any money what would you do with it? I mean a respectable sum, say—"

"I think I would skip out to the Klondike; they say there is money to be made there, and who can handle cards as I do," Derville's face brightened up at once, but he said, doubtfully:

"I have a thousand dollars, all that remains of my work in ten years; you shall have nine hundred if you will let me go in peace."

"Nine hundred!" exclaimed the rascal, joyfully. "Why, that will go splendidly. Once there I can depend on my wits for the rest. This country is played out, anyway. Just look at the crowd we've all had to call it square."

"How do I know you will go?" doubtfully. "I can't give you nothing but my word."

"Well, I suppose I will have to trust you," sighed the cashier, and going to the valise, he took out a wallet from which he counted out eighteen fifty dollar bills. Barmore, too, counted them over carelessly, and thrust them in his pocket.

"That's all right, old man, and you can better believe it, I would not take this from you if I had not been driven in a corner. You can count on never seeing me again."

He turned as if to go, but the other laid a trembling hand on his sleeve.

"But, my wife, the boy, is he living, too?" "Yes; he's living, too; that is he supports her. Turned out to be a great painter, for all he's so young. They are not rich, but live comfortably in Englewood. I came on 'em by chance because the boy looked like you, and then I followed him home, thinking that perhaps you might have returned. They've changed the name. Folks have forgotten the affair by now. They soon do."

The ex-cashier had sunk back in a chair with his head bowed on his knees as a flood of memories swept over him. He would see them again. They would not recognize him now. He might even live near them, where he might often see them and perhaps some time—

When he raised his head and looked around him the man who had wrecked his life was gone from the room.

"Ten years!" muttered Derville. "Oh, God, I hope they will never learn what his father has been!"

CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW OF A SIN.

She sat in an embrasure of the broad window looking out on the trim paths that divided the well kept lawn, a slender woman of somewhere about twenty, but that must be on the sunny side of forty. She was working at a piece of embroidery but her eyes wandered more often to the dusty road beyond than to the work she was engaged on.

Suddenly her face lighted up with a smile that banished for the right of a slim figure, a young man was coming up the path. At once she dropped her needle and ran to the door to open it. A smartly dressed handsome fellow he was, but just now he looked as if the world had gone very ill with him, for he hardly acknowledged his mother's salutation as he passed her. Almost rudely, passing into the trim little parlor she had just left. There was no longer a smile on her face as she followed him. All the anxious love in her mother's heart aroused, for she could read in his face that something terrible had happened and was nearer to her reason, indeed, if, indeed it was a genuine sorrow, to share it.

"What is it, Dick?" she asked, passing her white hand through his curls. "I can read in your face that something has happened; tell me what it is?"

The pressure of her fingers seemed to exert a soothing effect, for his face lost some of its frown and when he spoke it was in a gentle tone.

"Sit down, mother. I would like you to answer me a few questions."

"Why was it that her face flushed at these simple words and that she tried in vain not to show that she felt that a moment of peril to them both was at hand.

Could he have understood what was going on in his mother's mind at that moment, perhaps they might both have been spared many hours of agony and bitter tears.

"What is it you wished to say to me, my son?" she said, at length, in a calm voice.

"It was about very foolish in me to be vexed at the talk of an irresponsible fellow, but he spoke so confidently that for a moment I was completely unnerved. It related to my father, my dead father," he said.

"Your father—"

The words fell from her lips in a gasp. She no longer dared look her son in the face, but turned to the window as if to find some solace for her thoughts in the landscape now glowing with the light of sunset.

If he noticed her emotion he did not betray it in words. He was thinking of other things with his eyes bent on the floor.

"I suppose it is foolish in me to even question you, mother," he said, picking at the fringe of the chair arm. "But a few words from you can set my mind at rest."

"What is it that you wish to know?"

"I will tell you just how it all happened," as if eager to relieve his mind. "You know that I still take a few lessons from Mariatelli, though the man annoys me terribly, I can paint as well as he can."

"Yes, I know," and the words seemed to come from the floor beneath.

"Very well, but what you do not know is that there is one of my fellow students, a certain fellow by the name of Dawkins, who has never ceased bothering him and made a reputation has become a very offensive enemy. Today as the student's work, which might be considered as a high compliment to my judgment. An old painter of his experience asking such a young sprig for advice. This seems to have proved too much for Dawkins who called out sneeringly over his easel, 'Why not ask the opinion of the man, who paints Derville's pictures for him?' Mariatelli, I must tell you, had gone out of the room on him at once, and not wishing to make a scene, asked him calmly what he meant. It was not loud enough, but I thought I might find a better time to get square with the beggar. Well, he said he, 'of course, I couldn't prove that you didn't paint your own pictures, but judging from your sudden rise from nothing to a recognized position it is suspicious to say the least. Particularly when I am the man in question is the son of a criminal.'"

As he said this, Dick Derville clenched his hands until his knuckles were white. The woman in the window uttered a choking sob which did not reach the place where her son

"THAT WAS TOO MUCH."

was seated.

"The cur was too much. I made a rush for him and would surely have strangled him there if others had not held me back. And a while had risen to his feet, and with a sneering smile on his lips, said: 'Why, sure-ly you cannot be surprised at what is no news at all to any one who could read the papers ten years ago. The fellow students who had been listening to this scene in silence, uttered cries of 'Shame, shame, Coward!' etc., but at the same time when I looked at them they had a strange look on their faces that I could not understand. 'You are a liar and a scoundrel!' I cried. 'You know that my dear father was an honest man.'

"You have only to look up the papers of the winter of the year 1888 and you will find that I speak truth.'

"I said this with such a degree of assurance that I was for a moment staggered and believed it myself. I realized what had happened some friend of his had dragged him into the gutter. There was no one now left in the school that day, and as Mariatelli entered, I begged that he would excuse me, and I was far from well and so came home. Now, mother, answer me and tell me the truth that I may know if he lied or the rascal's threat. Is my father dead?"

Mrs. Derville, who during all this recital had been suffering untold agony, could not help now from giving way to her grief, and for some moments she could go no further.

Dick seemed to be deeply touched and went over to her and put his arm around her neck affectionately, whispering:

"Forgive me for paining you," he said, contritely, "but you have said so little in answer to my question, but if there is any mystery I know that it must be a very painful one, child. You told me that father had met out on a voyage and was lost at sea—"

"So I was led to think. It was your uncle who brought the news. That is all I know," and again she was overcome with grief bitterly.

"And this other story, of course that is a lie, made out of the whole cloth?"

He glanced at her eagerly, as if trying to pierce her innermost thoughts, but she still avoided his eyes. He drew away his arms and looked at her with mingled fear and doubt.

"Richard," she said, brokenly.

"Yes."

"Have I not always been a good mother to you? I have tried to do my duty and to bring you up an honorable man."

"You have done all that, dear mother."

"Then why trouble yourself about the malicious sayings of a jealous man who has failed where you have succeeded? Come, you need never meet him again or any of your fellows who were present at that scene was enacted. Let us go abroad out of reach of slander. You have often wanted me to go there, to Rome, to Florence, to study the old masters, and now we have money to realize the dream. Do not make yourself unhappy about this matter; let the dead rest. Do not break the peace that we have enjoyed these many years!"

"You know that I have given up all idea of going abroad now unless I marry Vera."

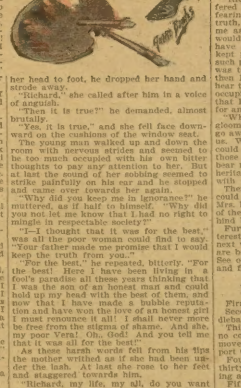
"True; what was I thinking of? I forgot that there was someone else now; another woman to claim your love."

"And it is for her sake more than my own that I have asked you these questions," he said, returning inexorably to the first subject. "Questions which you have not yet answered."

She looked at him with a piteous expression on her face, but this time he avoided her eye as if he dared not trust himself.

As she did not answer he looked at her for a moment in wonderment and again that ugly frown gathered on his forehead. He took her hand almost roughly in his and bending down whispered hoarsely:

"Do you mean that it is all true, what that man said? That my father was a criminal, that I am the son of a criminal? You do not answer me. Why not, if it was a lie? Why not?" Then as she still maintained silence, though sobs shook her from



head to foot, he dropped her hand and strode away.

"Father!" she called after him in a voice of anguish.

"Then it is true?" he demanded, almost brutally.

"Yes, it is true," and she fell face down on the window seat in a faint.

The young man walked up and down the room with nervous strides and seemed to be too much occupied with his own bitter thoughts to pay any attention to her. But at last the sound of her sobbing seemed to strike painfully on his ear and he stopped and came over toward her again.

"Why did you keep me in ignorance?" he muttered, as if half to himself. "Why did you not let me know that I had no right to pollute a name that was not mine?"

"I—I thought that it was for the best," was all the poor woman could find to say.

"For the best!" he repeated, bitterly. "For the best! Here I have been living in a world's paradise all these years thinking that I was the son of an honest man and could hold up my head with the best of them, and then to have a bubble reputation, a reputation and have won the love of an honest girl to ward removed, and I shall never more be free from the stigma of shame. And she, Vera, what will she think? And you tell me that it was all for the best!"

As these harsh words fell from his lips Mrs. Derville started up as if she had been under the lash. At last she rose to her feet and staggered towards him.

"Richard, my life, my son, do you want to kill me? Your father was more sinned against than sinning, and if he is indeed alive today he has more than paid for the one false step. He did it for me. It was believed that I should die unless I could go to a warmer climate. It was not for himself that he sinned, but for me, your mother, who now stands before you and begs forgiveness for acting as she thought best in keeping the shameful secret from you that we had tried it down, but now it has come between us to break our happiness."

She knelt down and tried to clasp his knees with her arms but moved as he was on the sight of her pleading face away.

"Mother," and it was in a gentler voice that he spoke, "I know that I am harsh in my judgment, but, good God, what destruction to all my fond dreams of a name I expect to live it down. Should I lull myself into fancied security some scandal will always be ready to denounce me if I attempt to enter any public life. My career is ended forever. The energy and ambitions that I have put into my work have gone for worse than naught."

"Oh, no, my boy, don't say that."

"Why not?" he cried, sadly, "even as your favorite book, the bible, will tell you, 'the sins of the father shall be laid upon the children.' I have hope no more."

Again she tried to hold him but the bitterness which had found its heart cut every other thought.

"But I known in the first place when I set out in life that I was a criminal's son I should have kept my place, the humble paths to which I belonged and not forced myself into a position in respectable society. See what you have done for me by acting for the best. You allowed me to make love to, a pure and innocent girl, not believing as I believed myself, to be the son of an honest man and worthy to maintain the honor of the name. What shall I tell her now? How can I meet her face to face? I have no excuse to give. My hard-earned acknowledgment you have not only ruined my life but her's as well. For I vow that I shall never be able to ever be happy with another. That is what you have done, mother. That is what you have done for the best!"

And brushing off her detaining hands, he strode in a fury of passion toward the door.

The mother sank down on her knees by the table in the center of the room, and with her face buried in her hands, was sobbing softly to herself. As she heard the retreating footsteps she raised her tearstained face and called to him, but distinctly.

"Richard, if you knew all that I have suffered in order to keep the secret from you, fearing that every day you might learn the truth, you would not speak as bitterly to me as you have done. I see now that it would have been better had you, you should have known everything, but day by day I kept putting it off, and you grew into such progress, I felt such pride in you that I was too weak for so painful a task. And then I hoped that you would never hear the truth, it was so many years ago, it occupied such a small part of your life time, that I hardly believed that it was possible that anyone in your position—"

"What is done, is done," muttered the son, closing the door behind him; "you must go away from here where no one will know us. Where he, if living, can never find us. I could not bear to look in Vera's face those I have mixed with again, for I must keep my share of the secret. It is only heritage. As for her," and his eyes filled with tears, "I must give her up."

There was a break in his voice, and he could no longer contain himself. Unheeding Mrs. Derville's despairing cry, he strode out of the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

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Rules for Women Who Wheel.

First—Have an easy riding wheel.

Second—Sit perfectly upright, having handlebar and saddle adjusted to this position.

Third—Have loosely fitting clothes, with no corsets, stays or bands to obstruct free movement, and do not use garters to support the stockings.

Fourth—Never ride longer than twenty or thirty minutes without getting off and resting a short time.

Fifth—Never ride long enough to become exhausted.

Sixth—Never climb hills.

Seventh—Never engage in fast riding or racing.

Eighth—On returning home take a cup of bouillon or glass of milk with a cracker, to replace expended force, and if not very strong lie down and rest for half an hour.

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A SPLENDID ANARCHIST.

What is an anarchist? According to accepted definitions, issued by the higher elements of society, an anarchist is one who tries to do something useful that has never been done before.

Andrew Carnegie has given ten millions to enable all ambitious young men in Scotland to attend the university free of charge, a privilege to last forever and ever, as long as the name of Andrew Carnegie and the private ownership of public property shall be remembered on earth.

With his startling gifts, Carnegie is educating the people in many ways which possibly he himself does not consider.

He gives $10,000,000 now to buy free education for students in Scotland. Another $60,000,000 are the product of Pennsylvania coal and iron mines, and of Pittsburg working men, combined with Carnegie's great business intelligence. Ten million dollars taken out of this country to buy university education in Scotland is a good deal of money, but it should not be neglected.

It may give good results in the work of other such men as Emerson and Carlyle.

In any case, this spending of money teaches a lesson that is worth $10,000,000.

Every day in the public schools in all the great cities of this country thousands of children sit with pinched faces and puny frames.

Their teachers themselves underpaid, will tell you that these miserable little children, a certain percentage of every class, cannot possibly be taught, they cannot possibly absorb knowledge because they are not well enough fed.

Barely enough nourishment is theirs to keep the bodies and their feeble souls together. There is nothing left to nourish the brain.

All that the schools can do for them is to keep them out of misery, to keep them locked up for a few hours in a bad atmosphere while their mothers are at work.

One individual, Andrew Carnegie, can give $10,000,000 to supply free education for full-grown students in Scotland.

Great American cities cannot afford one cent to fill once a day the empty stomachs of children on the public school benches.

In Paris and London, cities poorer than New York, the poorest children are fed at noon in the schools. They get in winter hot chocolate or hot bread-and-butter sandwiches on them.

If half a dozen of our tax-dodging citizens would pay their taxes the money would feed every poor child in this city.

When the nation can afford to do anything for children can afford to let men dodge taxes on hundreds of millions? Scholars worth of property.

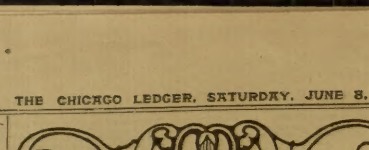
But there is no use quarreling on a simple proposition.

At present this is a country for the few; who are made happy at the expense of the many.

The system allows one man to exploit a million men, and then induces the million to shed tears of gratitude when the exploiter throws them a crust or to shout with joy when he gives away millions of their money in foreign lands.

William Waldorf Astor owns tenements in New York in which many children die for lack of proper nourishment and care every year. In his vast income of several millions he pays not one penny of taxes—and the people of New York, like a horde of idiots, permit him to take all that money to England and spend it there according to the dictates of his feeble-minded whims. He never did an hour's honest work for the city, and his citizens pay him millions annually for use of houses that they build.

There is a change coming in this some day, whether the gentlemen who denounce charity as anarchy want the change or not.—Hearst's Chicago American.



A MAD ABDUCTION.

The Fate of a Stolen Maiden---The Strange Adventures of a Night---In Sumac Swamp.

By E. E. YOUMANS.
(Copyrighted by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 29, May 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.
PETE SAVES ERDT.

No need of a repetition of that awful sound to tell Pete of the deadly peril that menaced him. A new danger was creeping on him, and had he been able to cry out he would have yelled in terror as the ominous warning reached his ears.

Must he die thus in this gruesome place?

His strong young life leaped up in vigorous protest against such a fate, and he bugged at his bonds in sheer desperation. Again the dreadful rattle rang through the darkness, and as he turned his head a thrill of horror convulsed his frame, as he beheld the fiery, baleful eyes flashing on him for only a few feet away.

"I must escape!" thought the boy. "The snake'll be upon me in less than a minute."

At the same moment other rattlers began sounding from various points, till the boy was sure the whole cellar was alive with snakes. Even he tugged at his bonds in vain.

It may have been that the men in their hurry had been careless in fastening the ropes, or that the knot was not properly tied. At any rate, Pete suddenly relaxed, and he managed to pull one hand out of the loop.

Fortunately his captors had not deprived him of anything but his revolver, and he had a large knife in his pocket. He drew and open this was but the work of a moment. A flash of the blade severed the ankles gave him the use of his feet, and he sprang up just as the rattler struck at his head. He made a wild spring toward the point where a tiny ray of light indicated the cellar window, and fell upon the snake several feet from the bottom.

The rattler must have been in the very act of striking as he jumped away, for a soft spat on the cellar floor the next second showed that his aim was not good, he was safe. But he must get out of the cellar as quickly as possible, or the snake would be upon him again.

With a jerk he tore the gag from his mouth. Then he drew in a full breath and crawled up the steps to the door. The men, thinking, of course, that the youth would not be able to break away, had not taken the trouble to lock the door, and Pete's heart beat high with hope as he found himself able to lift it.

Cautiously raising it he listened intently. Not a sound could he hear, save that of the hut, and he noiselessly threw it back. A second later he was climbing out of the cellar.

As he lifted his head above the ground, he discovered that he was but a few rods, not three feet from him, and reaching out, he could touch the door. He felt like shouting for joy at this unexpected good fortune, but controlled the impulse and drew himself erect.

"They must have dropped it when they threw me in," he said. "I'll be darky for me they didn't find it. Well, I'm free once more, and I'll not be so easy to keep myself to be caught again like that, it'll serve you right."

Quickly closing the door he made for the shadow of the trees in the edge of the woods. He could hear voices from the hut, discussion emanating from the interior of the cellar, but he was out of earshot before the woods were reached. Then he quickly stole around till he could see the window in the rear section.

All this, it will be remembered, had been done in much less time than it takes to relate it, and not more than eight or ten minutes had expired since Pete was first attacked. In the meantime Gibbons and his two companions had returned to the window, and were now gazing in upon the scene within the hut.

As Pete secured a position that enabled him to overlook the hut, he beheld the men in very nearly the same attitude as when he disappeared. Gibbons apparently the lawyer was speaking, the lawyer was clinging close to him, and Austillis, the knife still in his hand, was gazing at both, but whatever the mulatto was saying held the mad man in check.

The sound of their voices could be plainly heard, but their words were distant. At last, however, Walter concluded, and the mad man replied, in a loud voice:

"I'll do nothing for the rest."

"Then as sure as heaven is above us," said Walter, sneerily, "you shall suffer."

"In what way?"

"At every point. I'll outwit you and run you down if it costs me my life."

That will be the cost," cried Austillis. "I'd like to carve you to pieces on the spot, and I can't understand why I don't do so."

"Because you dare not," replied Erot, fearlessly, looking him straight in the eyes. "Dare not!"

"That's what I said. If you do start in."

"Don't go too far," hissed the other.

"Bah! You are a coward and a cur! Were it not for the girl I'd kill you on the spot. But I warn you, don't harm her! If you do you'll repent it with the last breath of your life!"

"You speak with assurance. Who are you?"

"For the present that does not matter. Later You'll find out, and that to your complete undoing."

Then Erot turned to the still trembling lawyer.

"As for you, James Waring," he scornfully cried; "I must say that I didn't believe you capable of such baseness. You're just as big a villain as Austillis, and just as amenable to the law. I'll keep that writing for future use, and now you can go. I'll see that you are not molested by this man but begone at once."

The Judge looked toward the door, his eyes fastened on the mad man, who glared at him malevolently. Erot saw it, and raising his revolver, deliberately covered Austillis as he said to the lawyer:

"Go; do as I command."

With a quick move the Judge opened the door and hastily stepping it shut behind him. The next moment he could be heard running rapidly across the open, and Erot, keeping the pistol pointed at the mad man, Erot began to speak.

He had scarcely uttered three words when there was a commotion on the outside, and Gibbons, followed by his two companions, sprang through the window.

"Come on," he yelled. "We've got him now. Cut the fellow-skinned devil to pieces!"

Erot took in the situation at a glance. The odds were heavily against him and he knew it. At any rate, however, he reached the door, but the men were close upon him and before he could open it they closed in on him.

Austillis, his eyes ablaze, was right behind them, his bloody knife raised in the air.

"Now we got you now," hissed the former. "You'll be mince meat in two minutes."

"That you will," cried the mad man. "I don't fear you now."

It was useless to struggle, and Erot made a last attempt to do so. He dragged out into the middle of the floor and thrown on his back.

"Hold him while I stick him," cried Gibbons, with fiendish chuckle. "Just see how slick I'll do it."

He deliberately shoved back his coat sleeve, and drew a knife. Pouring it, he put to the mulatto's breast just over his heart, he raised it above his head.

"Now, die!" he hissed, and, sure that his time had come, Walter closed his eyes expecting to feel the keen point of the knife enter his flesh.

But the blow did not fall.

The sharp crack of a revolver sounded from the window, the knife fell from Gibbons' grasp and stuck quivering into the floor, still without a word, the villain rolled over on his face.

Bang!

Again the pistol spoke and Austilla uttered a yell of pain.

"Him next," he roared. "Put out that light!"

He jumped toward the table himself and extinguished the lamp just as a third shot rang out from the window, and the third man fell to the floor.

Meanwhile, Erot had gained his feet, throwing the body of the man who had opportunely come to his rescue, he called out:

"Don't shoot again, lad. I'm coming toward the window."

"Hurry!" cried the youth, and the next moment Erot was at the aperture.

To spring through was the work of a moment, and he seized the boy's hand with a cry of joy.

"Pete, dear," he said. "You put in an appearance at the right moment. You're a brave boy, Pete."

"Oh, it was nothing much to do," young Hoskins answered. "Besides, I begin to like you. All those things Hollywood, we're having quite a night of it, eh?"

"I should say so. But, come, we've much work before us. We must secure these men so they can't escape."

"How?"

"I'll show you. Help me put this up to the window."

He seized the shutter which the mad man had wrenched off and assisted by the youth, raised it into place. The next moment a pistol shot rang out from the interior of the hut, and a ball whipped close by them.

"Look out!" shouted Pete. "That must be Austillis."

Another shot followed but the window was tightly closed now, and the ball buried itself in the wood with a soft spat.

"Let him amuse himself," said Walter, grimly. "He can't harm us now for the shutter is too thick, and we'll soon have him snugly fixed. He's badly wounded, I think, and after we secure the hut, wont be able to get out. Hold the shutter a minute, and I'll prop it up."

The youth obeyed, and Erot made his way toward a heavy joist that lay near the structure. To wedge this and drag it up to the window was not an easy task, but he securely jammed against the shutter.

This held the latter firmly in place, and he and Pete then dragged two more logs from the woods which were placed alongside the joist. Then Erot started around to the door.

As this opened on the inside it was not an easy matter to fasten it, and for awhile they were baffled. But Erot soon found a way out of the difficulty. With Pete's jackknife the handle of the latch was unscrewed, turned around, and one end attached to the iron while the other was secured to the door. This effectually prevented the opening of the latter, and Walter chuckled as he saw how well it worked.

"If they can get out now, they're welcome to go," he said. "Of course if Austilla was himself he'd manage to break it in, but in his wounded condition he can't do it."

At that instant a heavy report issued from the cabin. Both listened and were soon convinced that it was uttered by Gibbons, for the mad man's voice could be heard a little later, asking him if he was badly hurt.

"I think I am," was the feeble reply. "Give me some whisky."

"I can't get to you. I'm wounded, too, curse it," replied Austilla, and Gibbons uttered a groan.

"If I get out of this alive and set eyes on that cursed nigger I'll have him shot down where he stands. Ye gods, how my head aches."

"Serves you right," said Erot, in a low tone. "You're one of the greatest villains living, but your time is near."

"Were you shot in the head?" they heard the mad man ask.

"No; the ball is somewhere in my side. If I had only had two seconds more of time that yellow-skinned devil would have been a dead man. He got away, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Austilla, with an oath. It was the boy who shot you, for I heard the shot fall on him just before I fired mine."

"The boy who shot me!" cried Gibbons, in amazement. "You're mistaken about that!"

"How so?"

"The boy is dead by this time, curse him." Gibbons went on, and he proceeded to tell Austilla of his adventure with Pete.

"You made a botch of the job, then," said Austilla. "I distinctly heard the boy's voice and heard the whizzing of the ball before he jumped from the window."

Gibbons with emphasis declared that Pete had escaped. He began cursing so outrageously that even the mad man became disgusted.

"You may as well drop that sort of thing and help me," he said. "We've haven't much time to finish this business. Waring has had all the time he needs, and if we don't get through and away in short order now, we'll be behind the bars before we know it."

"What can we do?" asked the other. "We are hemmed in completely. Gorsuch and Weston and Watts are dead. The nigger's dead, and you're the only one left that's shot, and I suppose the boy finished the other. But we ought to get back to Talbot and the others if it is possible to do so."

"Here, I've found the whisky," said Austilla. "Take a swig of it and then see what you can do. I guess I'm pretty badly hurt, but I'll not give up the ghost yet."

The rolling of a bottle across the floor was heard, followed by an exclamation from Gibbons as he seized it and placed it to his lips.

CHAPTER XI.
AMONGST THE ALLIGATORS.

Erot waited to hear no more. There was no time to be lost if he done yet, and only a few hours left to do it in.

Florence Waring must be rescued from the hands of Talbot before the latter could find out what had transpired in the cabin, or the girl's life would be forfeit in a minute.

"Pete," he said, "can you find the way through the swamp to the slough?"

"Certainly."

"Lead on, then. We've not a moment to lose."

"You're not going there now?" cried the boy, in surprise.

"I am. We must cross the slough to the island if we have to fight our way through a thousand alligators."

"We can't do it," cried the boy, excitedly. "It would be madness to attempt it. We'd surely is alive with alligators at night, and we'd be devoured in a minute."

"All the same we must risk it. Florence Waring is on the island, and I'll see her or perish in the attempt to rescue her. If you are afraid to go, tell me how to get there and I'll go alone."

"Who's afraid?" said Pete, indignantly. "I'll go with you if you go; but I tell you we will both be devoured before we get ten feet from the shore."

However, he prepared to lead the way, down into the swamp and after Erot had secured the shutter he followed in the direction of the cabin they started.

"We must hurry," said Walter. "I don't think those fellows'll be able to get out of the cabin, but we mustn't give them a chance to get the drop on us. Hurry!"

The moment later they were making their way down into the swamp. There were several paths leading off into the summer, but Pete knew which one to take and proceeded steadily on.

As they drew near the swamp, however, the boy slackened his pace with evident fear, and Erot was not surprised to see he had the peril they were rushing to meet, and was uneasy in spite of himself.

"Are you afraid, Pete?" he asked. "If so tell me and I'll go alone."

"We're pretty near there," he replied. "Look out for that log!" he suddenly added, making a leap over the obstruction that Erot then came in his way.

The warning came too late. Erot was so close upon the log that he could not stop in time, and the next moment he crashed into the supposed log, falling headlong over it. He was on his feet in an instant, fortunately having escaped injury, and turning to see what had become of his revolver which was knocked from his hand, was startled by a tremendous thrashing close to his side.

"Look out!" yelled the horrified Pete. "It's not a log; it's an alligator!"

At the same instant Walter caught sight of the revolver lying on the ground at his feet. He stooped and grabbed it, making a quick backward spring just as the alligator turned toward him.

"Come this way!" cried Pete. "Run for your life!"

He dashed away to the right, closely followed by Erot, with the reptile in close pursuit. The youth was climbing a small knoll on the top of which he saw a large rock. Upon this he quickly placed himself and turned to assist Erot, who had almost reached it.

But the alligator was right on top of the man, and the horrified boy saw that his awful jaws would close upon Erot's legs before he could get up on the boulder. Quick as thought the youth raised his rifle. He had to fire over Erot's head at such close range that he was in imminent danger of killing the man, but he did not hesitate. A quick aim, and the rifle cracked. The alligator was hit, but the ball glanced harmlessly off the tough hide, and had it not been for the flash from the weapon, Pete's effort to save his friend would have been in vain.

But the later must have blinded the reptile for the moment, as he plainly became slightly confused and began running from side to side, as if undecided at first time to reach the rock, and when the alligator came on again, Walter was safe on the top.

But they were by no means out of peril. The reptile was capable of either, and after circling round the bowlder, a time or two, began making terrific efforts to reach them.

Young Hoskins was rapidly reloading his rifle, and had just got it ready to use again, when the alligator succeeded in rearing its repulsive head so far above the rock that it seemed as if his jaws would snap them at any moment.

"Quick, Walter," shouted Erot. "Shoot down it's throat!"

The boy was not slow to comply. He shoved the rifle forward and the huge mouth of the beast was full in front of shining over the barrel, when Pete pulled the trigger.

At such close range there could be only one result. There was a deep but muffled report, and the alligator fell back, thrashing around in the throes of death, its ugly head thrown more than half off. In a few minutes its struggles subsided, and they knew it was dead. They slid down from the rock and were forced to examine it. It was a large one, and would have made about seven of them could it have got them between its jaws.

"That was a close call, lad," said Erot. "We must be careful for such logs next time.

"We'd better give up the idea of crossing the slough tonight," said Pete. "It's dangerous enough to attempt in the day time when you can see what you are about."

"Not much of it, I tell you," cried Walter, decisively. "We may be fortunate enough to avoid any more reptiles."

"So, we must, either. How can we when the slough is full of them?"

"We'll risk our chances, then. Go ahead."

Once more Pete headed for the dangerous place, but he kept his eyes on the alert and several times caused Walter to raise the rifle as he caught sight of a dark object ahead. It proved to be nothing serious, however, and in a little less than an hour they reached the slough.

This also was really a lake, but there were so many bogs and rushes along the shore that it was known as such, former name, and among these rushes and bogs were any number of alligators. It was almost impossible to cross the slough to the island without being attacked by these monsters, and Austilla made a good selection when he chose this place for a retreat.

Young Hoskins now cautiously led the way around the lake, being careful to keep on the highest grounds he could find, and when they finally reached a place where the rushes did not grow so tall, the dark outlines of the island could be seen looming up an eighth of a mile off.

In covering this distance not an alligator had been seen or heard, and Walter began to hope that they would be lucky enough to cross the lake without being attacked.

"There doesn't seem to be any more around," he said, "I guess that one back yonder was a stray one who came up from the swamp through that low strip of marsh we were traveling along when we met him."

"That may be. But he's not the only one here, and when we get in the boat we'll have tough route of it, I'm thinking."

"Well, we'll make a good fight if we're set upon then, but I must reach the island if we have to swim across."

"If you tried to swim across you'd be swallowed alive before you got through the rushes," said the youth, with a shudder.

After going a few steps farther Pete paused beside a small tree, and began to loosen a chain that was fastened round it, at the other end of which a boat was revealed. The craft, however, had drifted out into the rushes and was hid from view, and it was not until he had freed the chain and began slowly hauling it in that Erot caught sight of the boat.

"You seem to know a little place pretty well," he said. "Whose boat is it?"

"It belongs to Austilla. There are usually two kept here, but the other is probably over on the island."

"Well, let's get it here as soft as soon as we can," continued Walter. "Here, let me hold the rifle while you get aboard."

The boat had been pulled close in by this time, and Pete, having let the chain free, made his way over the bow to the middle thwart. He held his rifle ready for use, and with his eyes constantly on the rushes around them for the first signs of an alligator.

But he could see nothing of them, and Walter was soon standing beside him and took up an oar, Pete turned to him, saying:

"Don't make any more racket in the water than you can help. Turn the boat around gently and we'll back out into the rushes and pull our way through without making much noise. Then, when we come into clear water once, we may manage to reach the island without running into any of them."

Walter was careful to obey these instructions. He placed a broad blade in the water, gently pushed the boat around till the bow pointed toward the island, then, sitting down the oar, and seizing the rushes pulled the craft slowly through them, while Pete held his rifle ready to shoot the first alligator that appeared.

All went well, however, until they reached the outer edge of the rushes. Then, as Erot gave an extra hard tug and forced the boat through, the bow struck something with a sensation of giddiness, just as a splashing in the water told them that the obstruction was an alligator.

Walter quickly seized the oar, and plunging it into the water, gave a vigorous pull, which succeeded in forcing the monster from the bottom of the boat, as the oar, unable to stand the sudden strain, snapped short off.

The stroke was sufficient, however, to give the boat enough speed to carry it some distance from the spot, and by the time the reptile turned toward the island at a lively rate. The alligator came rapidly on behind them, and against the spite of all Erot could do gained upon them.

"Shoot him in the head as soon as he gets near enough," cried Walter, as he was straining every muscle to increase their speed.

Young Hoskins had already turned around, and was preparing to fire as soon as the reptile got close enough to make the shot certain.

Suddenly a loud noise was heard just ahead. Erot looked around and was horrified to see another monster coming toward them from the direction of the island. He instantly swung the boat around to pull off to the right, and at the same moment Pete raised himself to shoot.

The unexpected turning of the craft caused him to lose his balance and the next instant he fell headlong into the water.

CHAPTER XII.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Erot's attention was so much occupied in changing the course of the boat quick enough to get out of the way of the alligator in front of them that he did not realize Pete's peril until the yell of terror the boy uttered as he fell over and the loud splash immediately following reached his ears.

Then the man glanced around and took in the situation at once. A single look convinced him that it would be at least ten seconds before either of the reptiles could reach the boat, and plunging the oar deep into the lake, he backed water with all his strength, bringing the boat close to the youth as he rose to the surface.

"Grab the side, quick, Pete," he cried; "and hold on for your life."

The boy responded with remarkable celerity. He clutched the side of the craft, and again sending the boat ahead with long powerful strokes as he saw the youth had succeeded.

While the craft was going so swiftly it was impossible for Pete to climb in, and he made no attempt to do so, giving all his attention for the present to keeping his hold on the gunwale. He looked back to see if the reptiles were in sight, but could not, so a simultaneous thing occurred.

The alligators were approaching the boat in such a way that neither could see the other, and when they came in sight they swung quickly to the right they advanced on with wide-open mouths and being unable to stop in time, a violent collision occurred. The doubtless led each to think it had been attacked by the other, and they began fighting fiercely.

They clutched around, lashing the water furiously with their tails, and snapping at each other in a manner that showed how formidable they were.

Erot was quick to take advantage of this opportunity, and turning the boat once more shouted to Pete:

"Now is your time. Get in, quick. We may be able to reach the island before they get through."

Young Hoskins had already begun to climb into the craft, and a moment later he threw himself over the side, dripping with water. Walter headed toward the island, and Erot took his oar.

It was hard work to row with only one oar, as he had to alternate his strokes from one side to the other, but he managed to give the boat a fair rate of speed, and soon the fighting monsters were left some distance behind. Then a tremendous splashing drew their attention in that direction, and they saw that several other reptiles had appeared and taken a hand in the matter.

"Let them go it," chuckled Erot. "I'd like to see them fight, but we can't stay any longer."

"Get over to the island as soon as you can," cried Pete. "They're not the only ones here, and we may be attacked yet. Blast me, if I haven't got enough of it."

"I thought you were done for when you fell overboard," said Erot. "It's lucky for you that other alligator came along."

"I'm not exactly that I dropped my gun in the boat as I fell out, or it would not be lying at the bottom of the lake."

This was so. The youth had sufficient presence of mind to drop the weapon when he felt himself going, and it now lay unharmed at his feet. His revolvers, however, he had dropped in the water, and on the water, and he proceeded to extract the harmless shells which he pulled for the island.

When they reached the shore a few minutes later both swung out and pulled the boat up on the bank. Then Pete took off his clothes, wrung out the water, and put them on again, after which he reloaded his weapons with the cartridges he had saved and picking up his rifle, was ready to move on. The first thing he did was to examine carefully around. There was no telling who might be near, but a close inspection failed to reveal the presence of but their owners to the island had been discovered.

"I think we're safe enough as yet," said Walter. "Now, to find the cave."

The island was fringed with shrubbery and trees, interspersed here and there with thick clumps of rushes. Rocks and bowlders, also abounded, and the surface of the ground gradually rose as it receded from the water.

It did not take them long to note these features, and Erot said that the cave would be found somewhere back in the hills. There must be a path, nearby leading through the thicket, he thought, and this he set out to find.

In this conjecture he was correct, for upon searching around a little to the right of the point where they landed a small but well-worn foot road was discovered leading back toward the interior.

"This is what we want, Pete," said Walter. "But you'd better conceal that rifle here in the bushes. It will be in the way getting through this place, and our revolvers will answer just as well if any shooting is necessary."

"That's a fact," said the boy. "I'll just stick it in this clump of shrubbery."

He concealed the weapon, and they started along the footpath, keeping a sharp lookout for danger ahead. But they could see or hear nothing to cause suspicion, and they hurried forward as silently as possible, the path constantly rising until they found themselves ascending a good-sized hill.

The thicket about them began to be so dense that it would have been impossible to advance had it not been for the foot road, and even this was choked in many places by the overhanging shrubbery, so that some annoyance was encountered in forcing their way through it.

At last they came to a point where another path branched off from the one they were following, and appeared to circle round the side of the hill. This was a contingency they had not anticipated, and they came to a halt for considerable doubt. They had no time to loose, for the night was rapidly going, and any delay in pursuing a wrong course would be a serious setback.

"Confound it," ejaculated Walter, impatiently. "This is a pretty dilemma. How are we to know which road to take?"

"I don't know for my part. You see—"

"Hist!" interrupted Erot, suddenly; "there is someone coming!"

This was so. Listening intently, both caught the faint sound of approaching footsteps coming along the intersecting path. They were as yet some distance off, but it would not be for be seen, and the necessity of speedy concealment was imperative. This was found by a few seconds in the one side of the path, where they barely had room to crouch down in the bushes when the approaching party came into sight around them. There was hardly any danger of discovery, but Erot held his revolver ready should the necessity for its use present itself.

It was soon apparent that the fellow was alone, and he seemed to be in a hurry. He came steadily on, evidently considering himself comparatively safe, for he took no care to muffle his footsteps, and crashed through the bushes with considerable noise.

In a few seconds he was passing by, impatiently muttering something to himself which they in hiding tried to overhear. The words were very indistinct, but by straining they managed to catch enough to convince them that the shooting of the alligator had reached the hearing of those on the island and this fellow was coming to learn to investigate. The latter evidently had not heard it, however, as a supposed danger because he had been detailed to make this reconnoissance, for his last words distinctly caught by the watchers were:

"—alien hearin' somethin'! Why, ther thunder didn't he hear himself?"

From this it would seem that he was anxious to get through the matter so he had to do and return whence he had come, and Erot was quick to recognize the fact that with this fellow out of the way the work of stealing upon the cave would be no easy matter. At the same time coming to a speedy end to the dilemma as to which road to follow, for as he must have come directly from the cave, they had only to take the course leading around the hillside to reach it.

After waiting till the fellow had passed out of hearing Erot emerged from the bushes and silently set out along the path, followed by Pete. Then, without a word telling now soon the man behind them would return, and it was necessary to keep on the rear as well as the course in advance.

"Keep your eyes and ears open behind

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
How I wonder what you are:
At my darling's throat you shine,
Countless carats superfine.
But I know that now-a-days,
Imitations are the craze.

And I'd like to know for sure,
If the stones you wear are pure:
To know this would be tantamount,
To peeping at your bank account.
So twinkle, twinkle, little star
How I wonder what you are!

Unexpected Result.

Wildun—Last time I saw you, old fellow, you had a big wart on your right knuckle that you had just tried a charm on. How did it work?

Woolley—It left there and went over on one of my knuckles. It didn't go out of business—it merely changed hands.

The Grand Trunk Railway System.

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A Slam at the Editor.

Subscriber—I find your puzzle department particularly interesting.

Magazine Editor—Our puzzle department! Why, what do you mean? We don't run one.

Subscriber—Oh, yes, you do. I mean your poetry!

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A Natural Pride.

He—Oh, yes; I do a little that way now and then; I've written one or two plays.

She—How perfectly delightful. And have you met with much success?

He—Pretty well, so far. I once got a manuscript of mine back from the manager.

Piles Cured!
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"What Dreams Come."

Bobbs—Old Titewad is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep.

Dobbs—Does he fear burglars?

Bobbs—No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away money.

His Record.

A colored preacher who had been holding a protracted meeting in a Georgia county was asked how he got along with the meeting. "First rate," was his reply. "I made seventy convicts the first night."

"Dear me, what a vivid literary style! I can almost smell the smoke."

No Need of Either.

"These rooms are so small!" said the house hunter, looking around disapprovingly. "You couldn't sling a cat in any of them."

"No, madam," majestically replied the janitor. "And you couldn't spank a baby in any of them. We don't allow either cats or babies in the building, madam."

Not to Be Denied.

Mr. Rush—Say, I want you to marry me.

Miss Pechis (gasping)—Well, I've had some nervy proposals, but you take the palm.

Mr. Rush—Good! Now, let me hold that palm a minute while I slip this ring on the proper finger.

Maligned.

Hungry Higgins—Wot do you think? A woman called me an animated scarecrow this mornin'.

Weary Watkins—I've knowed you sence the early eighties, but I never seen no animation about you yet.

Needed a Boss.

Mrs. Suburbs—How are you getting along without a hired girl?

Mrs. Cities—Very badly. I never could work right unless I had some one over me.

An Artistic View.

Mike—That bartender on the corner is quite an artist.

Dan—Does he paint?

Mike—No; but he always draws a good pitcher of beer.

The Limit.

Buster—I am having awful luck. I am now down to my last dollar.

Dedbroke—Pshaw, that's nothing. Wait till you are down to the last dollar of your last friend.

A Century Hence.

"Another awful scandal in the army!"

"No!"

"Yes; several of the boys at the front have made affidavits that the canned nightingales' tongues taste flat and insipid!"

He Had Thought of It.

Benedict—Why have you never thought seriously of matrimony?

Coelebs—I have thought seriously of it—very seriously. That is why I have never married.

No Trick at All.

Hasbin—I was in a factory today where they take new furniture and make it look a hundred years old.

Neverwas—Huh! You ought to see my children at home!

Down to Hardpan.

"What! You in farce comedy!" said the shocked admirer.

"My boy," said the tragedian, solemnly, "I had to take either the horseplay or the horselaugh. Even so."

Bringing it Back.

Clubberly—Old man, do you ever have any doubts about your love for her?

Castleton—Oh, yes; but when it comes on I get down a stack of unpaid bills and look them over.

His Observation.

Mrs. Jones (reading)—People who make matches acquire a fatal disease of the jaw. Did you know that?

Mr. Jones—No; but I know the poor chap who falls a victim to their match-making usually gets in it in the neck.

Egotism.

"Isn't there a great deal of egotism among actors?" asked the young woman.

"I am sorry to say there is," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Why, I have met no less than three actors who thought they could play Hamlet as well as I do."

Professional Criticism.

First Arctic Explorer—Don't you think Polehunter is getting a big head?

Second Arctic Explorer—Decidedly. You'd think he was the only man who didn't reach the pole.

The Absorbing Question.

"I see an astronomer has received a message from Mars."

"Well, do they?"

"Do they what?"

"Think Hanna is a great man."

There Are Many Such.

Mrs. Cabbleton (musingly)—After all, one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

Mrs. Flint (grimly)—Never mind! That is not your fault, dear!

No Imitation.

Stranger—That's a very fine imitation of an old colonial residence.

Proud Owner—Imitation! That's genuine! Come in and I'll show you the roaches.

Possible Motive.

Magerson—Just look at that ocean greyhound go!

Merman—Yes; I wonder if some sea urchin hasn't tied a tin can to its tail?

Too Early.

Climan—I suppose you're preparing already for the summer harvest.

Rusticum—Wall, no; we don't begin tew advertise fur boarders till 'long 'bout May.

Too Bad.

"My husband has had dyspepsia dreadfully lately. He has been such a sufferer."

"I am so sorry to hear it. I had no idea that you were without a cook."

Not Enough Space.

He—There's something I can't find in this dictionary—the feminine definition of "cute."

She—Oh! Perhaps the definition is too comprehensive.

What It Was For.

"I see they are vaccinating the prisoners in Sing Sing," remarked the Wise Guy.

"To keep them from breaking out, I suppose," murmured the Simple Mug.

All He Wanted.

"I care not who makes the nation's laws," paraphrased the Sophomoric Cynic, "if I can but kill the men who write the popular songs."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Too Willing.

"Do you think your new cook will answer?"

"Answer! I guess so. She always has one ready."

Good Providor.

Willie Hippo.—What's that, pa?

Mr. Hippo—Nothing for you, Willie. It's face powder for your mother; she's going to the dance tonight.

WHERE'S THE USE?

Drugging With Coffee and Keeping Sick All the Time.

A coffee drinker is liable to a smash almost any time and without much warning. A New York man, C. W. Bedford, 1065 Lex Ave., says that when he was in apparently perfect health, weighing about 185 pounds, with good appetite, suddenly had a severe attack of gastritis. He lost his appetite and the doctor put him on a rigid diet and gave him remedies, but all to no purpose. He says, "Everybody I met had a cure and I tried a lot of them. I lost weight until I reached 144 pounds. I had those nasty gastric staggers.

About the middle of the summer, when on a vacation, a friend asked whether I drank coffee or not. Being told that I did, he suggested that I quit it and take Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts breakfast food. I laughed at him and told him that I was through with special articles of diet.

One day the nerves had another bad smash and I concluded to quit coffee and see if that was really the cause of the trouble.

Next morning I had Postum for breakfast and it was well made, and tasted good. I also had Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and from that day my troubles began to fade away.

I am steadily gaining in flesh, can sleep naturally, and can eat whatever I want. What is the use of a man's drinking an article like coffee that poisons him, and causes such troubles as I have had when you can have a delicious Food Coffee like Postum that builds up instead of tearing down. Health is worth more than all the coffee on earth.

Smashed His Business.

Bobbs—Freezer, the iceman, failed yesterday.

Dobbs—What was the matter?

Bobbs—The Fat Men's Skating club took a lesson on his pond.

Grafter's Unhappy Lot.

Picknocket (in Chicago)—Howdy, George! What luck today?

Hold-Up Man (fiercely)—Rotten! A couple of detectives held me up about an hour ago and made me cough up every cent I had.

The Better Way.

Hicks—Are you ever troubled with insomnia?

Wicks—No; I pay my bills.

GOOD ADVICE.

Eddie—How would it be best for me to approach your father when I ask him for your hand?

Miss Clarke—Backwards. Then you can jump for the door deuced quick, without stopping to turn.

STORYETTES.

Tragedy Averted.

The tall girl in the raglan and flat hat evidently had the money. The short, demure girl was listening. The tall girl talked.

They were lunching in a fashionable uptown restaurant. To be exact, they were about to lunch. Their order had been given. Under the tonic influence of two drinks the ladies were doing pretty well.

The tall one was on the home stretch of a rattling, galloping story when the little one broke in:

"Don't you love pickles?"

"Passionately."

"Let's have some now."

"Certainly. Waiter, a dish of nice, fresh pickles."

The waiter placed a glass dish containing five pieces of pickles, sliced in slender cuts in the shape of French fried potatoes, between the two ladies.

The story was not interrupted. It raced along, taking hurdle after hurdle. It boomed away like the boom in a real estate town in the west. It was evidently a heart to heart story. First, the dove-gray gloved fingers of the little one were seen to cut to the plate, daintily pick up a piece of the pickle and raise it to a kissable mouth, which closed upon it in a manner that made all of the men who were watching her feel like loving her. Then the black-gloved fingers of the big one would make the transit to the center of the table.

They alternated the long reach twice, and then, just then the ran tangled. Two little gloved hands came in a violent juxtaposition over the remaining piece of pickle, two pairs of bright eyes flashed "woman looks," two stylish forms became rigid with hauteur as the heads got back again to the sides of their respective owners.

The story took an abrupt hender.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the little one, with frigid dignity.

"I beg your pardon," answered the big one "I beg your pardon," said the little one, "I don't—don't, thank you."

"Nor I, thank you, very much."

"It was quite accidental that I reached for it."

"Purely so on my part, I assure you—the last piece."

"Oh, I have no doubt."

"Indeed!"

"To sneer at me as well as we know each other—spiteful thing!"

"Sneer? You presume!"

"Not at all."

"Oh, yes, you do!"

"No, I don't."

"You do!"

"I don't!"

"Do!"

"Don't!"

The battle was well on. The consequences seemed fatal to friendship if not ultimate disarranging of fluffy wads of golden and black hair. The waiters were unconsciously the center of attraction. They were certainly pretty, as the martial flush on their checks was enhanced violently by the red flame of anger.

After mewing for some time longer, and just as the time for clawing appeared imminent, the expression on the little one's face suddenly changed. Perhaps she realized her embarrassment if the big one should fly out of the place and leave her to pay the bill, only 15 cents in the $5 purse clasped tightly in her hand, perhaps the ridiculousness of the situation appealed to her.

She picked up a knife, cut the pickle of contention in two pieces, kittenishly handing it to the tall girl with a come-down smile.

"Take it, dear, and I will eat the other half."

"Dear" took it.

Both smiled.

The tall girl ordered another drink. The story was quickly righted, pulled out of the ditch of momentary forgetfulness, and galloped along merrily.

Story of a Dream.

Mlle. von Rastloff, a Danish young lady, once related to Augustus Hare an incident for the truth of which she was able to vouch. There was, she said, a young lady in Denmark named Bondo, who lived very much before the Danish world and with whom almost every one in Copenhagen was more or less acquainted. Consequently it was a subject of almost universal interest when it became known that the young lady, with the approval of her parents, had become engaged to a young Danish officer of good family and position. In Danish society a betrothal is considered to be almost the same thing as a marriage and if either of the affianced persons dies the family of the other mourn as much as if the marriage had actually taken place. Now, it happened that while the young lady was engaged the betrothed husband was summoned to join his regiment in a war which was going on, and very soon to the house of his betrothed came the news that he was killed in battle. The young lady's family forthwith put on all the outward signs of deepest grief. There was only one member of it who would not wear mourning and that was the affianced bride herself. She would not believe that her betrothed could pass entirely out of life without her knowing it. She could believe that her lover was sick, in prison or in trouble, but not that he was dead. Her parents urged in her ceaselessly to put on mourning and the perpetual struggle with her family, added to her own grief, had a serious effect upon her. It was while things were in this state that one night she dreamed that she received a letter from her betrothed and in her dream she felt that it was of vital importance that she should see the date of the letter. She labored to see it with the utmost intensity of effort, but for a long time could not decipher it. At last, just as the dawn was breaking, she saw the date, which was May 10. When she awoke the date remained with her. She knew that if such a letter had been really written on the 10th of May she must receive it by the 1st of June. The next morning, when her faithful maid came in to see her, she said: "You have often blamed me for not wearing the outward signs of mourning for my betrothed, Grant me, now, only till the 1st of June, and then, if I receive no letter from him, I will promise to resign myself to believe the worst and I will do as you desire." Three weeks of tension ensued and the 1st of June arrived. She said then that she felt as if her whole future life hung upon the postman's knock. It came—and there was the letter. Her lover had been taken prisoner, communication with him had been cut off—in fact, till then it was impossible she should hear. Soon afterward he was exchanged, came home and they were married. "Now," said Mlle. von Rastloff, as she finished her narrative, "that is no story which I have heard. The young lady was my dear mother; she is here to testify to it. The young officer was my dear father, Gen. von Rasmussen. He is here to confirm it." They were both present.

The Bear Had Full Sway.

Arnold Henry Guyot, the famous naturalist, once lived in Cambridge, and there was a funny story that went the rounds of the neighborhood. The story gives by him to a company of friends. The doctor's guests had assembled and were seated around his hospitable board, most tearnedly discussing a wide selection of deep subjects such as might form the familiar talk of men who took the whole world for their mental province. And there was one subject which, though it did not reach below the cellar of the doctor's house, was nevertheless deep enough to break up this extremely decorous dinner party.

An admiring friend had sent Guyot a present of a black bear, which had been domiciled in the cellar. Another friend had sent him a small barrel of cider, which was also assigned to the cellar. As the dinner progressed, ominous rumblings were heard below. Suddenly an attendant appeared at the door of the servants with information to the effect that the bear had got loose and, scenting the cider, had imbibed to the point of fullness and now, gloriously drunk, was in the wine upstairs. Dr. Guyot at once concluded that he did not care to play with his new pet, and these circumstances, for if he had, his friends would not have been there to see

Miss Summergirl—They found a man-eating shark dead on the beach today. I wonder what could have killed it?
Miss Fickell—Starvation. I guess, if it were a man-eating shark.

And as the old station-master softly stroked his beard there was a wicked twinkle in his eye.

A Hopeless Situation.

He—Our relatives gave us an awfully ugly lot of bridal presents.

She—Yes, they did; and if we had a rummage sale it would be just like them to come.

Not so Vulgar.

"If you'll split me some wood I'll give you a good meal," said the lady of the house.

"Excuse me, madam," haughtily returned the wanderer. "I never begin breakfast with a chop."

None of His Business.

While waiting for the train the bride and bridegroom walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what his joking and guying may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced such an ordeal."

"It's perfectly dreadful," she answered. "I shall be glad when we get away from everybody we know."

"They're actually impertinent," he went on. "Why, the very natives——"

At this unpropitious moment the wheezy old station-master walked up to them.

"Ye you goin' to take this train?" he asked.

"It's none of your relatives," retorted the bridegroom, bristling, and he guided the bride up the platform, where they condoled with each other over the impertinence of the natives.

Onward came the train, its vapor curling from afar. It was the last to their destination that day; an express; nearer, it came at full speed, then in a moment it whizzed past and was gone.

"Why in thunder didn't that train stop?" yelled the bridegroom.

"Cos you ned twasn't none of my bisness. I has to signal if that train's to stop."

Skill Required.

"One must be very expert in fencing to engage in a duel, must he not?"

"Of course," answered the Parisian. "A little clumsiness might easily lead to some one's being seriously hurt."

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THE QUAKING SAND.

BY W. BERT FOSTER.

One. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23.

The tale of Ralph Harbury's years. He might have written them upon a slate or so he told himself not infrequently and then wiped out the sum, and—nothing would be lost.

His life had been simply a round of years, the years a procession of months, the months a series of sun risings and sun settings called days. But nothing—absolutely nothing—of a noteworthy nature had ever come his way.

Harbury had been a ward of the court almost from his birth. His father died first; his mother did not live to nurse the child she brought into the world. The boy experienced the ills and accidents of childhood under the jurisdiction of first one, then another caretaker. But there was nothing noteworthy in the comings or the goings of this procession of females.

Once every three months a pompous man with an immaculately white vest buttoned tightly over an aldermanic stomach came to the great Harbury house and sat down before the boy and looked him over solemnly for quite half an hour. This was the guardian appointed by the court.

On these occasions the nurse (whoever she might be at that particular time) would put on a clean cap and an apron so starched that it unpleasantly scratched the child's fat legs, and held him firmly while he was being overlooked by the man in the white vest. There was nothing uncommon in these visits.

Once he ran away from his nurse through the winding paths of the garden and at the hedge which divided the Harbury domain from the little cottage on the east he saw the face of another child peeping through a break in the foliage. It was a rosy, smiling face, and after staring at it a minute or two Ralph Harbury addressed it:

"Cy," was the reply, and the parted lips displayed two rows of white teeth.

"I'm Rafe," the heir of the great house announced, and his vis-à-vis might or might have been suspected as, for the garden was that echoing to the cries of a frantic nurse for "Master Ralph."

Ralph ran often down to the hedge to see Cy, but it was some months before he learned that there was a great gulf (the barrier of the hedge was nothing to it) separating his little friend and himself. Cy was a girl; his name was Cyrene Bent.

When Ralph discovered this awful fact he sulked for several days. Girls were of no particular use in his estimation, and he even seemed made to wear stiffly starched aprons and go and follow a governess around (or she he'd hurt himself or get into mischief.

But being lonely in the great mansion of the Harbury house he finally crawled through the hedge one day—actually ran away from the maid and nurse—and found Cy at good playfellow. Indeed. She was a little Borden, with light hair, dancing eyes, the dawn, snapping eyes, and a ready, infectious laugh.

On the other side of her mother's little cottage was the minister's house, and the minister's boy joined in the conversations. Ralph didn't just like him from the first; he sometimes used the big word, but Cy's side which Ralph believed belonged to him.

So this triumvirate of boys met together. Ralph went first to school, but although Cy cried at his parting she was so excited at the prospect of getting away from the everlasting starched aprons and caps that he did not long miss his playfellows' tears.

The minister's son swung on his gate and eyed the departure enviously. He wished he was going to boarding school instead of having to do his studies in the minister's library. The fact that Cy began to join him at the text books lightened his gloom but little.

So after that Ralph's life was made up of home comings and departures for the great school and then another, with long sessions of study at the private institution the guardian chose for him, and short vacations at the gloomy old house he called home.

As he grew older he remained at the great house just as short a time as possible; the Kenner little cottage door seemed more and more much better. Sometimes he ran against the minister's son, but this lawyer's father was one of those unfortunate clerical individuals with a large family and a small income, and the oldest child, Borden Perrie, was usually engaged during his vacations in earning money to pay for his half-years at college.

Ralph's guardian chose for him the same college of which the minister was an alumnus, so the heir of the Harburys was more than he cared to of the ministers son during the few years of his scholastic life. Not that there was any real enmity between them. Ralph considered Borden a sedate, prosy sort of a fellow, and knew that private life at college was not such as would feed any pleasing light upon the minister's bringing up.

Before the graduated Ralph found himself master of more money that he knew what to do with. He also found himself mastered by a passion which, because of its gradual growth through the years, could not be looked upon as anything at all remarkable in his career.

His love for Cyrene seemed to have dated back to that day when, as a little fellow in kilts, he had seen rosy face looking smiling through the hedge at him. The face was just as pleasant and charming now that she had reached maturity. He told himself he had always loved her, and with a confidence of one who had never been refused anything in his life, he thought she must feel the same toward him.

But he had not taken his degree, so he postponed telling her about it. When he could he got away from the college town and ran down home—always with the excuse of "business." But usually he spent the hours wandering with Cyrene through the meadows, where the salt breeze always blew in from the bay, or sitting on the beach under the overhanging cliffs.

The little cove it was within the bounds of the Harbury estate was a place of changeful appearance. At full sea, or with the tide far out upon the flats, the yellow sand did not appear to be a safe and dancing floor. When the tide changed and began to creep landward, the entire surface of the flat underwent a startling transformation.

It began to heave and dimple, as though some great monster were confined beneath the sand and were trying to escape. The struggle for life and air. The yellow sand quivered and then encircling pools of slate was marred by wrinkles and ridges as the tide advanced. Then the surface was all completely and the cove seemed as innocent as before.

But there was a high wire fence along the shore here to keep the cattle away from the dangerous spot, and the path which ran along the tongue of rocks could one safely drive near to the treacherous place.

A week or so after Ralph graduated he came home for good, intending to occupy his time and help look after his estate. He was glad that he had showed no surprising talent which would lead him into any special branch of work or profession. He might have felt himself a failure in the world-wide like an active life had he discovered anything like talent in his makeup. But he was not obliged to do so, and was content. So he sat down and twiddled his fingers for the rest of his days.

He told Cyrene something like this as they sat in this little cove, their favorite haunt on the shore of the little cove.

"Why, Rafe!" she cried.

He caught her dimpled hand in his and looked up at her with a laugh. "Why should you be so surprised?" he demanded. "Indeed, I am not obliged to toil or spin—if I do some poor drudge must starve, Cy."

She blushed a little and drew her hand away from the mad at once—and then added Cy a good playfellow, indeed. She was a little Borden, with light hair, dancing eyes, the dawn, snapping eyes, and a ready, infectious laugh.

On the other side of her mother's little cottage was the minister's house, and the minister's boy joined in the conversations. Ralph didn't just like him from the first; he sometimes used the big word, but Cy's side which Ralph believed belonged to him.

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The Quaking Sand.

(Continued.)

story—to her. But as sure as there is a God in heaven, man, her mother shall bear of it! There, if she wishes to take the responsibility of allowing her daughter to marry such a creature as you she may. My duty will be done."

"Thank you!" The other thrust his passion-distorted face forward and his little eyes glittered. "You do it to be revenged on me, that's it! You have always hated me, and you hate me now because Cy cares more for me than for you!"

"Hate," repeated Ralph. "Hate is a strange word to couple with you, Perris. I do not hate the worm under my foot. I trample on it, but I do not hate it."

He turned to pass his antagonist, but the latter sprang forward.

"You will not trample on me! With all your wealth and your good looks, and your family—curse you for them all—I have beaten you in one thing. I have got Cyrene, and, by God, I'll keep her!"

He caught Harbury by his shoulders. The plain, hoping to bear himself up a bit. But still he sank.

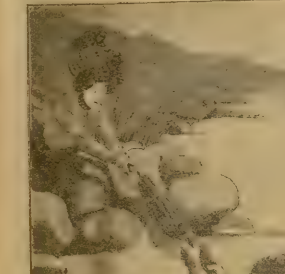
The tide came in swiftly, however. He thanked God for that. To be drowned would be less horrible than to have that smothering dead gradually cover mouth and nostrils and finally close above his head altogether.

His mind turned from the contemplation of his death to the more abstract subject of what it was he was leaving behind. Was it really worth living for? His twenty-three years had brought him nothing but a hopeless passion—a soul-enthralling love for a woman who did not love him—who never would love him!

No matter that Cyrene learned the true character of Borden Perris and refused to marry him, she did not love him. Ralph Harbury knew. She could only love a man who had something of real importance to do in the world—a man of action and work, not a sluggard.

He was showing his real character now by giving up hope and ceasing to fight for life. He was remaining passive while, second after second, the pitiless waters bore him down.

At that he threw out his arms and with sudden strength, the desperate strength of



He tried to heave himself upward.

attack was utterly unexpected, and the path above the Quaking Sands was narrow and slippery.

Harbury threw out his hands to recover his balance, but with a furious push the other hurled him away. Ralph staggered back—one step—two steps—and then—

Over the brink of the rock he plunged and the impetus of Borden's push cast him far out upon the yellow plain.

Perhaps he cried out; perhaps he groaned as the treacherous sands closed about his struggling form. But if he did there was no one to hear his voice.

The scene was deserted. There was no human being in sight upon the shore. As though haunted by the thought of his awful crime, Borden Perris had fled from the spot and left his victim to sink slowly in the slough.

The fall had cast him more than waist deep into the morass. Now he sank steadily, his struggles hastening his descent into the awful depths. It was as though the monster who had made so many attempts to gain Cyrene from the horsemen and who seized the victim and would drag him down to death might have company.

The sun still lost as bright, the sky quite as blue overhead as before. He noted these as he went down, he, Ralph Harbury, marker of his boy, as it seemed to him his last look at earth and heaven. That he should be the victim in such an awful thing as this could scarcely be a reality. It did not make sense to him.

The waters of the cove sparkled and danced. The gulls were turning and wheeling in the air and began to leave and seek the south as the sea advanced.

Ralph sank to his armpits now. His nether limbs were numb with cold. His arms spread his arms wide upon the dimpling

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a mad man, strove to reach the slippery rocks from which he had been hurled. There was a shriek above him, the horrified cry of a woman, and he saw Cyrene flying out up the rocks.

"Rafe! Rafe! I am coming!" she panted, as she sprang from the threshold to behold her fair undone and streaming behind, her eyes wide open with fear.

"Don't lose hope, dear! Try again! I will save you, Raf—"

She tore off her shoes skirt and kneeling down upon the slime and seaweed thrust him one end. He caught it, and as she threw herself back with all her strength he felt that the effort was not wholly without avail. He clung with both hands to the skirt and tried to heave himself upward.

"Pull! I will save you, dear! Don't lose heart!" she cried to him while she dragged at the skirt. Her body was flung back as she knelt there, the muscles of her arms taut as bowstrings, her superb bosom heaving with the mighty strain. Never had she looked so beautiful in Ralph Harbury's eyes.

Slowly, while the hurrying tide swept around him, as though eager to grasp its escaping prey, the girl drew him out of the slough. His hand touched the edge of the firm rock and he seized it with renewed power.

She leaned over again and grasped him by the shoulders. One more mighty effort and he felt himself, with the upper portion of his body on the solid rock.

She was kneeling by his side then, crying over him, stroking his hair, covering his wet face with kisses.

"My love! My love! Oh, if I had lost you!" There was laughter and tears in her voice. "I did not know it was you who filled my heart, but I know it was!"

Harbury looked up into her glowing eyes.

"And it is me, after all, whom you care for, Cy? Is it truly worth while that I should come back to life? Is there something worth fighting and struggling for?"

"Yes, yes," she murmured.

"But you did not want a sluggard, Cy. You wanted a man who was to battle for existence—"

"And have you not battled today? When I saw you struggling yonder I knew it was you, not Borden, I loved. Poor She tore the ring from her finger and flung it out upon the now submerged quicksands.

"What I thought was my love goes with it. My real love is here," and she kissed him full upon the lips.

Man is born to rule, but woman comes along and beats him out of his job.

What is a Kiss?

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one but much prized by two.

A baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's heaven, and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Nothing divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon either.

The sweetest habit the world has ever suggested.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of children.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked
Though it can be called a vice,
Some think it naughty.
Others think it wrong.
All agree it's long
Though it doesn't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunder-clap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two heads are better than one.

Men Made Beautiful.

That men ought to desire physical beauty as much as women is the firm belief of two German merchants, who have just opened, at Moscow, a store in which, they claim, any man who is deformed or ugly can find appliances that will speedily remove all his defects and transform him into a thing of beauty. His transformation will naturally cost some money, but not much. If his calves are not symmetrical and he desires to have them padded, he need only pay 10f., and if he is growing stoop-shouldered, and desires the form of a gladiator, he can acquire that commodity by paying a trifle of 25f.

"We guarantee," say these ingenious merchants, "who are the highest paid judges of human nature, "to provide any one with a first-class bust of Apollo for 6f. 50c.; with an ordinary bust of Apollo for 3f. 50c.; with a pair of shoulders like Hercules for 2f.; and with an improved pair of such shoulders, made of whalebone and nickel, for 1f."

Indeed, a glance over the price list shows that for 70f. any gentleman who is at all lacking in personal beauty or grace can have himself speedily changed into a faultless Adonis.

Flashes of Wit.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there's husband. He's been at a little while ago, and now she wont have anything to do with me.

Stranger—I've just come in. She's my wife.

"Now, sir, please, I have swallowed a pin!" exclaimed a servant girl, running into her employer's room.

"Never mind, Mary," he replied, deep in study; "here are five cents another," drawing one from his pincushion.

A big fellow in a public bill in a London restaurant, was told that the sum put down didn't include the waiter.

"Well, sir," he said, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" He looked as if he could, though, and there was no further discussion.

The Lecture Abruptly Ended.

An Oxford professor was giving his pupils a picture of Socrates and the Scold.

"These hardy men," he said, "think nothing about awaking from sleep on the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the back of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of anyone daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such unseemly conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied that individual, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed."

Letting Him Down.

"So," said the encouraged young author, "you think my second act of my play is the best."

"Yes," the manager replied, "decidedly the best. It's a good deal shorter than any of the others."

Love the Gambler.

Love is a gamester who trusts to his luck;
Who loses he forgets there is woe;
When he loses he turns, with a thoroughbred's pluck,
Calling out that he'll have a new throw.

Active.

"By the way, old Gotrox is not in active business now, is he?"

"I should call it active. He is dodging taxes at a more lively rate than any other man in town."

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CHAPTER XLIX.

VIN MISSING.

Filled with anxiety at the evidences of danger to her friends which came from the vault, Minnie hastened forward, though her ankle pained her greatly, and entered cautiously into the passage. The sounds of flight and alarm which had disturbed the child continued to echo through the place, growing louder each instant, but this was not all.

Interwoven with them, like the deep notes of an accompaniment, was a hoarser sound—the sound af water swiftly rising and beating against the rocky walls.

As the child looked, a faint light crept into the lower end of the passage, being soon followed by one of greater brilliancy, and then the flickering candles borne by her friends made their appearance, hurrying from an angle of the passage and flooding the narrow place with light.

But the rocky floor of the passage was no longer in sight, being submerged to the depth of a yard or more by the rising of water which surged about the extremities of the advancing explorers, and growing deeper and more dangerous at every step.

Eagerly the child took note of the figures as they approached, now sinking to the shoulders in the foaming water as they came to some depression in the floor of the passage, now up again and hastening along with all their strength. There were but three!

Presently, drenching and drippin, pale of face and exhausted by their struggles, Tom, Harley and Pat staggered up the steps cut in the rock at the entrance to what was now an eddying underground stream, or pool, rather, for the waters rose no higher than the level of the old temple. It was Vin Pember that was missing.

Minnie threw herself on Tom's neck, giving vent to almost inarticulate cries of grief and despair.

"Where is Vin?" she finally said. "If you have left him to die in the awful place I will go and die with him. Where is Vin, I say?"

"God only knows," replied Tom, with a sorrowful face. "We hope he is alive, but—"

Minnie sobbed convulsively.

"Faith, an' there's a chance for the boy yet," said Pat, consoling her; "so don't be pretty eyes an' hope for the best. If the water comes no higher we'll find him there, perched on a craig like a turtle on a bog."

The child insisted on knowing at once all the details of the disastrous trip and, thinking that the recital might draw her mind away from the one sad thought which now held full possession of it, Harley began the story.

"We reached the very door of the king's chamber before the water came upon us," he said, "seeing nothing of the Spaniards on the way. The first charm I told you about to be blocked with fallen rock and there is the source of this flood, for the water has been forced out of the natural channel by the obstructions. The fissure has been filled ever since the earthquake, and just now we reached the rolling boulder it overflowed. My, but we had a run for it! Vin was behind when the rush of water came, and in an instant was cut off from us by a flood which rolled and roared like water in a whirlpool. But the chamber is high there, and he may be safe on some shelf of rock, like a turtle on a bog, as Pat say."

"Couldn't he get into the king's chamber?" asked Minnie.

"Little good would that do him," said Pat, "for it was filling with water when we came away. The earthquake has dislodged the big stone, and there is a solid lake in sight, shining beneath the water like the face of a pretty girl in a brook. But I'm thinkin' that it's little pleasure the spalpeens that are there will take with it. Will the flood pouring into the hole like beer into a bottle, an' no other way out, I'll go bail they're bumpin' heads with the roof this blessed minut!

"And you saw them, uncle and the others?" asked the child, her face growing paler, if possible, at the very thought of her brutal relation being so close at hand. "I thought that Harley said that you saw nothing of the Spaniards."

"I said that we saw nothing of them on the way in," said Harley, with a glance at Pat, "but this blundering Irishman has let the cat out of the bag. Yes, your uncle is there, Minnie, and the chances are that he will remain there. We really didn't intend that you should know about it just at this time."

"Few tears she'll shed for him, as the boy said of the cat when the dog died in a fit," said Pat, "for, see," he added, pointing at the opening, "be the harps that play-ed before Moses, the water is going down again!"

It understand," said Harley. "The king's chamber is lower than the tunnels leading to it, and the water is running through the passage we found when fleeing in there. This looks well for Vin, who is this side of the flood, and for Tom and myself, as well as those who are in it."

"Well," said Tom, addressing Harley, "you take Minnie back to the hut, and the minute the water gets low enough we'll make our way in there again. These little rushes of water always follow an earthquake, and they're prohibitive of what the whole passage will be dry in an hour's time."

The child reluctantly consented to this arrangement, and in a few moments Harley and Minnie, holding each other's hands, entered an instant longer—was lying on a rude couch at the hut, but reading the manuscript taken from Travis' pocket by the girl after his death and making a careful examination of the locket.

"It's a brave little girl," he said, after a time, "and you have brought to light a wonderful thing. But for you this paper would have been lost to me, for, if found, it would have been so blotted by water that nothing could have been made of it. My, wont—"

Minnie burst into tears.

"Poor Vin may be dead," she said. "Dead with all he hoped to accomplish within reach."

"We'll soon have him out of there," said Harley, hopefully. "There are lots of places for him to climb to. There," he added, as a call came from them, "they are calling to me now. Something has been discovered. You remain here, and I'll see what it is."

Harley hastened away, but in a moment Minnie was after him, resolved to know the best or the worst at once.

CHAPTER L.

THE END OF A LONG CHASE.

The water was running rapidly out of the tunnel when Harley and Minnie reached the little party standing at the top of the stone steps. In fact the water had by this time tolerably clear again, only damp and dripping. A sweep of cool air came up from the passage, too, showing that another vent existed not far away.

Tom, Pat and Vin, with a glance at the child, as she must go in there and help Vin. So you may as well go back to the hut and possess your soul with patience, as we'll get-ther too damp in there for you."

But Minnie was not to be put off so easily, and more an inch until Minnie consented to remain outside. Harley and Tom refused to return to the hut, but, with many a backward look at the child, they left her and from that point listened with many misgivings to the retreating footsteps of her friends.

Arriving at the location of the old fissure, the one which had been crossed by means of a rope, but which was now completely filled with rock, Tom paused, and, turning to his mouth in the form of a trumpet, and his voice rang out loud and round the vault, echoed and re-echoed through the cavern.

"Vin, if you're alive he'll hear that and answer," he said.

For a breathless minute the three listened, their faces white in the glare of the king's chamber. A thin passed around the vault, and then a faint light shone itself in the distance, and presently from the king's chamber, as they had grown to call it, there came a faint cry. "This beauty," said Harley, "but whether it is Vin or the Spaniards remains to be seen."

They had now quickened their steps, although the way was slippery and strewn with broken fragments from the ceiling and the walls, and soon stood at the portal where the rocking boulder had lain on the occasion of their former visit to the place. The light which they had observed was certainly in the chamber, for, although not in view, it cast a faint glow over the walls within.

Harley was in the chamber in a second, and then Tom and Pat heard a great shout.

"It's Vin! Vin! Vin!" cried the boy.

When Tom and Pat reached the spot where the boys stood they found them clasping hands as if they never intended to part again, even for an instant.

"Why didn't you answer when we called?" asked Tom, perhaps for want of something better to say.

"Why," replied Vin, "I knew that Minnies' uncle and the others were in here during that awful inundation, and I thought it might be of some use to them if I reached the spot in time, but I was too late, it seems."

He pointed to a ghastly heap on the floor, almost at the foot of the still sitting figure of the king, who spoke, and drew back with a shudder. Senop Palatox and the two half-breeds lay there dead, each grasping in his nerveless hand a great bar of gold.

The stony eyes of the old king had doubtless gazed down upon many such scenes; upon the slitfening bodies of those who had come in quest of his gold and remained to guard it with their bones; but never before had the sympathetic eyes of human beings so gazed upon the terrible face of that fatal chamber. Heretofore, the king had been alone with his dead and who had died of starvation with the wealth of a kingdom at their feet.

At that solemn time all thoughts of animosity and revenge, all feelings engendered by the perils and the persecutions of the past, faded from the minds of those who stood there by the side of the dead. Even when Harley explained that the Spaniards had died with the blood of the wounded pressman still fresh upon their hands, there were no bitter thoughts of them.

"It is a fitting tomb," said Tom, looking sadly down upon the lifeless forms which lay at his feet, "and a fitting end to a life of death, to show. "When we are done with this place, we will be better than to leave them here, in the chamber of the dead who met their fate years ago."

On the way out—for they were in no mood to remove the gold that day, or even figure out a method of doing so—Vin told of his enthroned in with human bones, about them, I fell fainting and unconscious by the side of the waiting girl with the news of Vin's safety. I remember nothing of the light of rock where he had taken refuge from the water. Then they saw that he was wet to the shoulders, and that a few feet above another foot in the tide would have become impassable, and left him there dead where he clung.

Minnie almost forgot her sprained ankle when Vin made his appearance, and danced about in the yellow sunlight like a carefree child. Then she began to think and talk about his neck, and forget in her joy at his safety all that had passed in the many hours she still within. But that night, when Vin was sleeping, she sat outside the hut in the shadow of the mountain which overlooked their little camp, there were tears in her eyes and sobs in her throat, mingled with that had ended, tears of forgiveness for all the wrongs she had suffered.

As yet Vin had not been told of the finding of the treasure, and it was by the general best not to do so until their final departure from the valley was near at hand. This for the reason that everybody would be all anxiety to return to New York in order that he might begin the work he had planned before him. For, as the reader had doubtless imagined, Minnie and the sailor had greatly affected the future of the boy.

The next day Harley was sent out to procure mules for the carrying away of the gold, and the others set about bringing it to the mouth of the passage of death. Only once during all the hours of work that followed was the subject referred to other than fatal room, and then the bodies of the dead Spaniards were hidden from her sight.

CHAPTER LI.

THE KEY AND THE WORD.

Pat returned in due time with the mules, and Harley with a number of the gold-sacks, and many time more than enough, to load them all rich for life—was loaded so as not to affect the progress of the party as they passed out to the coast. The evening of the fourth day found them in the valley where they had endured so much. Minnie could not refrain from the story that had been on her lips ever since the tragic death of Travis.

"A woman lived in Boston," she began, "a very gentle man who had employment in a large publishing house, and spent all his spare time working on inventions. At last he perfected a new printing press, which promised to revolutionize the art of printing, and also to make him very wealthy. He was proud of the achievement, and the chief pressman of the publishing house, who was also a very gentle man of the fruits of his brain, and used his position as an opportunity to induce him to sell his invention to them.

"Failing in this, the three set out to ruin the inventor by means of expense and delay, and by contesting his right to the patent. They built a new printing press better than the other, and then the poor inventor was accused by the manager of taking valuable machinery from the works. The inventor was not wise in the ways of the world, and he fell into the trap set for him. It all ended in his dying in disgrace, and his widow and only child, a young son to mourn his loss and protect his good name."

"Have you told me this?" demanded Vin, tears starting from his eyes at the pathetic story of his own misfortunes. "Who has told you of my father's troubles?"

"Your mother," was the reply. "When the man died his papers were stolen, and as the son received no benefit from them, the crime of the superintendent regretted his share in the conspiracy which had terminated so fatally, and securing possession of the papers, fled from the country.

"In a short time he died in a strange land, leaving a written confession, which was handed to the care of a young child, a girl who was hardly wise enough to assume the responsibility, I am afraid. This confession lifted the stain from the name of the dead inventor, and referred to, but did not give the address of, the place where the

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The Valley of Gold.

(Continued.)

papers concerning L.—invention had been concealed."

"Is it all true?" demanded Vin, springing to his feet. "Is it all true? Then where is the confession? My wronged father's honor is safe at last!"

"How can I reply to your questions if you wont let me go on with my story?" asked Minnie, with a smile. "Well, the papers were hidden in a bank vault in New York, and could only be reached by the giving of a word to those in charge and the presentation of a key. And the address, and the word, and the key were placed in a locket and given to the girl, who was too heedless for such a trust, I fear, and she was to keep them always until she grew old enough to understand; then she was to make a journey and right the wrong committed by her repentant father."

"And the papers were stolen," shouted Vin, at deeper ring in his voice. "And were found long afterwards—you see I only guess this—in the body of the thief, who had been murdered by his associates while pursuing the child for the purpose of securing the locket, which he had read of in the stolen confession. For the child wandered off to Peru, in company with a couple of graceless boys, and proved brave and unselfish in all the trials that came, and was the means of undoing all the wrongs wrought by her father."

"Yes; it is all true," said Minnie, "ex-

"There were but three."

cept that you give too much credit to the girl, who was afraid nearly every minute of the time, though she tried to appear brave. And this girl had an awful time telling this long story over and over again to Harley, who would make her tell it, and I hope she got it somewhere near right, though she was found out before it was half told."

"And all the time this boy was wandering about the world in quest of that which would restore his father's honorable name, the very clues he sought were in the locket which he saw many times a day when fate did not part him from the dear little girl. Isn't it wonderful? Almost too good to be true."

By this time the locket was off the girl's neck, and wide open in her trembling hand and at that instant Harley, who had been listening, I am afraid, much his appearance with Tom's dark shadow, and there, in the strong shaft of light which came from the key before the astonished eyes of the metal key, the address of a safety deposit vault on Broadway and the magic word which would admit the bearer of the key to the box where the papers were kept. The word was "Peculiar."

Then Harley took up the story.

"And the passenger whose name was Dennis, and the pressman, whose name was Reed, but who afterwards took the name of Travis, in advance of the repentant superintendent, secured the inventor's son by giving him a situation in a New York publishing house controlled by the manager, and he went to see if in time he would not bring the papers to light. But, not knowing of the papers, the boy could not very well do this. He, however, developed a great love for the memory of his father, and often stated a determination to in time bring his persecutors to justice, not knowing that his employer was the chief persecutor, and that he was hedged about with spies. And so, because of this resolve on the part of the boy, Dennis resolved to ruin him as his father had been ruined, and—"

"And he would have succeeded," cried Vin, "only for the boy having the best and truest friends that ever a boy had. And one of these friends was a boy who would not allow him to admit his responsibility for the money alleged to have been stolen by him, and the other was a printer who had worked in the Boston publishing house, and I am guessing again—and suspected the plot against the boy's father, and who overheard something of the plot against the boy himself. And this boy and the printer burgled the persecuted chap, who was too weak to act for himself, away to Peru, and there found a fortune for him. Oh, you see, have found it all out at last."

CHAPTER LII.

CONCLUSION.

As Vin ceased speaking he made a dash for both Harley and Tom, but, as he could not very well embrace both of them at once, he was obliged to content himself with shaking them heartily by the hand.

"And I can tell you something more about this printer," said Harley, pushing Tom away with a smile. "I know that Dennis had set the pressman to spying on the boys the night they arranged to leave New York, and so he captured the spy when the boys were sound asleep and took him on board the Esmeralda, so that he was not able to communicate with the manager and tell him where the boys had gone. And in order to save the boys from worry, he never let them know that the fellow was a spy, but endured all their complainings and accusations with a cheerful heart. A deep fellow, that printer."

"But, you see," said Tom, "I brought Travis on board, and was responsible for his good behavior, and after all he did reach Dennis by cable from Havana, and so the means I used to prevent trouble finally brought it about. And when Minnie came aboard—and the finding of her is the most wonderful part of the whole story—Travis recognized her at once, having been a frequent visitor at Mr. Webb's house in Boston, and tried to murder her and stole her papers and raised the old Nick generally; so, you see, I don't think I am entitled to any credit for bringing the fellow on board."

"Why," said Vin, "you would never have got away from New York if you hadn't captured the fellow."

"I am afraid he was a bad man," said Tom, "but he had some good points. Well, he is dead, and no one knows where his body is, and I went to the passage this morning, thinking to give him decent burial in the tomb with the others, but the flood had washed his body away, and he will never more be seen on earth. Perhaps it is just as well that he does not sleep with his murderers. Until the day of judgment, no one will ever know what took place here between the men, whether he attacked them, or the men, whether they attacked him, and no one will ever know how the men died in the king's chamber, whether by violence or by natural law for forgiveness on their lips. The chamber keeps its secrets well."

There was very little sleep in the camp that night, for the boys and their friends had to talk it all over and plan how to get their gold out of the country, and discuss ways of bringing Dennis to justice, and the manner in which Vin's father was to be set right before the world.

In the morning, however, all were early astir, and, with a parting look at the ruined temple, and the great mountain, the silent tomb of those who had sought to gain wealth by murder, and brutality, and false testimony, they set out on their return journey, happy in their great success and tolerney, happy in their great success and tolerney, happy in the end of the sins of the enemies who had passed to a higher judge than holds court here.

The journey back to New York was made without remarkable incident, though the store of gold now and then attracted unpleasant attention, for it could not always be concealed, and a part of it had to be disposed of to pay the expenses of the trip.

Of course Minnie insisted on visiting Merry Avery at Lima, and talking over the events of that awful night when her uncle and Travis discovered her on the bridge, and when she had stolen like a thief into her sleeping room, and then trudged away alone, over the mountains and plains, broken-hearted and afraid, to find her friends and—And Captain Bebbe and his estimable wife, and Captain Beebe, and the American officer who had aided them at Havana, and the good Doctor Foster, must all be hunted out and rewarded.

And once more Minnie raised her United States flag in Havana harbor, and the sailors cheered like mad when they saw it, and Tom and Fat and the boys cheered with the rest, remindful of the time when the guns of the police were showering bullets at the emblem, and the searchlight of the man-of-war caught the fluttering thing and brought help.

For obvious reasons nothing regarding the death of Senor Pulafox was said at Havana. A statement of the facts would only have brought about an investigation by those who were in office and were the friends of the dead man, and so in time the property he had accumulated went to the government, Minnie, who stood as the sole heir, declaring that she would never touch a cent of it.

Soon after the arrival of the party in New York the confession of the repentant Webb was filed with the proper officers and Dennis was arrested, charged with perjury and fraud, but he managed to raise bail and was never heard of again. His bondsmen were said to be ruined in settling with the estate, for the sum of his bond was a large one.

The patent papers were procured without difficulty and the case was so pushed that the patent was granted at once, and Vin came into another great fortune. It is needless to say that this fortune was regarded as a sacred trust, as coming from the dead father, and Vin in time performed many generous acts of charity with it.

The flight of Dennis brought the Fulcrum Publishing Company to a big smash, financially, and one pleasant day in early fall Har-

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The Valley of Gold.

(Continued.)

ley and Vin went back to their old desks again, but his time as joint owners with Pat and Tom. Though wealthy, our friends could not decide to remain entirely idle, and the printer insisted on going out west to start a country paper at a county seat unless something of the kind was done, so the investment at the publishing house was made.

Tom is happy as superintendent, and Pat has a desk in the office, where he spends most of his time telling anyone who will listen to him of the wonders of Peru. Both declare that Hanley and Vin spend more time roaming about the world with Minnie than at their desks, but the business thrives for all that. At last reports Tom was arranging to make a private office for himself out of the little closet off the reception room on the top floor, declaring that all his good luck came from sleeping there on a certain memorable occasion.

The details of the conspiracy which had caused the death of Vin's father were given the widest publicity by the arrest and flight of Dennis, and now no shadow of difference is attached to his memory.

And so, with fortune won and wisely managed, all our friends are happy and contented as the curtain goes down.

(The end.)

A thrilling serial story entitled "From Foreign Portsto Yes" by Mr. Merrill-author of "Among the Counterfeiters," etc., will be begun in next week's Ledger. It is a story of the search of two boys for a stolen child and is one of the most interesting narratives ever written. Do not miss the first installment.

A Mad Abductor.

(Continued from page seven.)

you, Pete," said Walter. "I'll watch out for danger ahead. I don't think we can be far from the cave now."

They pressed on, but the route seemed to be longer than either of them thought it would be, for at the end of fifteen minutes they were apparently as far away from the cavern as before.

"How large is this island, Pete?" asked Walter, at last. "It seems to me we've travelled far enough to go almost around it."

"It's quite a big place, though you would not think so in looking at it from the main land. It's a good deal longer than it is wide, and runs off to the southeast."

"Then we may not be within a mile of the cave," said Erot, despondingly. "Let's hurry a little. Daylight will overtake us before we can get through with this business. Well, I'll be hanged!"

As he uttered the last word, Walter suddenly stopped and pointed ahead. There, not more than three yards in advance, was another path branching out at right angles straight up the hill.

"We seem to be baffled at every turn," angrily continued the man. "But, come, we won't waste time here. We'll take the one that goes up the hill."

"And that must be the right one," said Pete. "There's hardly room for a cave along here, anyhow. If we find it at all it'll be further up the hill."

"Come on, then; we'll risk it."

They turned into the new road, and soon came upon indications that led them to believe they were on the right course. The thicket around them began to get less dense and rocks and loose stones were in more abundance. This continued for some five minutes, when they suddenly reached the summit of the hill to find a considerable tract of level country stretching away before them.

Across this they proceeded, coming at last to a deep and rocky ravine that ran through the center of the tableland, completely dividing it.

"Here's where we'll find the cave," said Walter. "Now, we must be careful."

The path could still be seen, running along the edge of the gorge, to disappear further ahead over the top. Toward this point they made their way, and as they approached found the narrow course continuing down into the ravine, the rocky walls of which dropped abruptly away, forming a precipice of more than forty feet.

The path wound its course down from one ledge to another, but in many places the footing was decidedly precarious, and to one unaccustomed to travelling it the chances of falling off were by no means small.

"Look out here," said Erot, as he swung himself down to a particularly narrow footing. "Keep your body over against the wall, Pete, when you step down, or you'll fall off."

But the youth proved that he was used to this kind of business, dropping from one point to another with the ease of an acrobat.

"I see you can look out for yourself," laughed Walter. "You can get along better than I can."

"I haven't chased through the woods and mountains around these parts all my life without nothing, let me tell you that. Look here."

They had by this time gotten pretty well down into the gorge, and a tall slim tree grew up from the bottom, a branch of which extended out over the path at the end of Walter's dismay. Pete leaned over as he spoke, and grasping the limb, drew himself quickly up and crawled into the tree trunk, down which he began to slide with wonderful agility.

"You'd better not attempt it," he called back, softly. "Go on down along the path, and I'll meet you at the bottom. You'll have far to go now."

But the young adventurer, Erot was tempted to follow him down the tree trunk, but he was afraid to trust his weight on the limb, so after a moment's hesitation in the darkness in the bottom of the gorge hid him from sight, and continued his course along the path. When he had gone a few yards he came to a point where he was compelled to make a careful jump of two feet to the ledge below. He landed in safety, but his hat was knocked from his head and fell to the bottom of the ravine.

"I can find it when I get down," he thought, and hurried on as fast as he could under the circumstances, intending to join Pete as soon as possible.

He reached the bottom of the gully a few moments later, and hurried back in the direction of the tree down which Pete had gone. He found the hat after a little search and knew from this that he was close to the tree.

"Where are you, Pete?" he called, in an undertone.

To his surprise he received no response, and repeated the call a little louder. But no answer came, and although he searched his eyes through the gloom, he could see nothing of the youth.

He began to be alarmed. Then thinking that the youth was playing a trick upon him by hiding nearby, he called again.

"Come on, my boy, you can't fool me. I know you are hiding and that you have time to lose, and you'd better show yourself."

Still no response. The man was now thoroughly frightened, for after all the business in which they were engaged was not of a serious a nature to admit of practical joking, and Pete was not the one to trifle with the matter. Something must have happened him. Probably he ran into some sudden peril in descending the tree, and was even now in serious trouble.

Clutching his revolver Erot cautiously advanced. He soon caught sight of a tree which he decided was the one the youth had descended by, and became immediately wary. But though he used his eyes and ears to the utmost he was unable to see or hear anything that would throw any light on the boy's sudden disappearance, and he halted again in perplexity.

"Can it be possible that he is playing a joke on me?" he muttered. "I don't see exactly."

"Pete," he continued, loud enough to be heard a dozen yards if he was any where near, "you are a fool for heaven's sake show yourself. This is too serious a thing to joke over, boy."

But there came no sound to indicate that the youth had heard, and Walter was sure now that he had met with disaster. He walked up close to the tree, and leaning up against it to think for a few minutes. After a while he moved his feet to change his position and in so doing his toe struck something hard, and looking down, he saw something white at his feet. It was a bone.

He picked it up, and was surprised to see that it was Pete's backbone.

He was more than ever convinced that Pete had met with some kind of a mishap, and to discover what had become of him was the next thing in order.

He found the key to the mystery in the fact that the boy had been suddenly attacked and overpowered, for during which he suggested itself several times, he did not see how it could be done quietly enough to enable him to escape his attention while he was going along the path. He knew Pete would have made a vigorous resistance, and surely the noise would have reached his ears.

The only solution to the mystery he could conceive of was that the boy had seen or heard something in the tree, dropped to the ground, and had gone on to investigate without waiting for his friend. He probably dropped the knife from his pocket by accident.

"That doesn't seem possible, either," said the man, perplexed more and more as he tried to think out the affair, "for the knife had not gone down that tree. I don't know what to do now."

For more than five minutes Erot stood there under the spell of various emotions indecision. He wanted to begin hunting for the missing Pete, but could form no idea of what direction to look in, and at last a sort of forlorn hope that the boy would put in an appearance, but as the minutes passed, and he did not materialize, Walter realized that something must be done.

He was in the act of moving off down the ravine, when he suddenly heard some one coming along the path above. He crept back in the shadow of the tree, and grasping his revolver, waited.

This highly exciting story will be continued next week. To readers who desire to subscribe we give cameras and patterns free, as announces on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The house burst into applause as the diminutive Bernhardt entered, and the quiet little man in the fourth row was heard to murmur, "A brilliant lady."

Oddities of Famous Men.

An amusing instance of Mommsen's absent-mindedness occurred not long ago in Berlin. The great historian one day saw a lady in the street smiling at him, and after a pause, "Excuse me, madam," he said, "surely I know your face." "Very likely," said the response, "I am your daughter."

It may not be generally known that among his other accomplishments Emperor William is a first-rate whistler. An American young lady at his request, had been singing some little air to accompaniment of a banjo. One of the songs happened to be "Whistling Rufus," and the pretty singer was preparing to omit the whistling part, as she was not sufficiently mistress of that accomplishment to venture on it; but the emperor, who was acquainted with the tune, offered to supply the accompaniment, and acquitted himself greatly to his credit.

Francis Hahy, who became famous through his invention of the fierce upturned mustachios which Emperor William has for some time affected, is today a rich man, for at one time all the young officers of the kingdom with a proper pride about them were to be found in his establishment in Berlin to be "fixed up" a l'empereur. Hahy's unlimited faith in his business saved him what to have been due to his presumption. Feeling secure in his position, one day he gave a fairly inculpated of his majesty: "Well, what do you think about the Chinese situation?" This was too much for the German kaiser and Hahy was banished from the court.

While Gen. Dewet was retreating with his commando north from Brandfort recently he came across a Transvaal hottentot corps that had intercepted signals between two English patrols. When Dewet had been told that the enemy intended attacking on a flank he ordered the heliographers to signal his thanks, as his men were known to have breakfast on the right flank and did not want to be disturbed.

King Leopold of Belgium has had made for himself a very handsome automobile. The carriage work, of the most elegant design, is of aluminum, finished in red, while the truck is blue. All the wood parts which are visible are of polished mahogany. The motor, of the petroleum type, is fixed centrally at twenty horse-power. Another distinguished automobilist is King Edward, who has just had an especially handsome turnout manufactured for his personal use.

Sad End of a Crow.

Magistrate Worth listened in the Gates Avenue court, Brooklyn, to an amusing tale of a tame and trained crow that was killed. Charles Neubrick, a house farmer, at No. 416 Jerome street, was the owner of the crow and he claimed that a neighbor's boy, William Heidgren, stole it five or six weeks ago. It was afterward found slaughtered in his neighbors' yard. He prized the crow greatly, because he had had it for a year and he had learned to walk about the yard, sit amiably at his doorstep and sleep in the cellar.

"It was not the crow that Old Crow whisky is made of?" asked the judge.

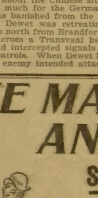
"No, sir," struck in Mrs. Heidgren, "but Old Crow is the cause of this."

Neubrick insisted that his dead crow was found in the Heidgren yard, and said that Mrs. Heidgren claimed it was the bird's crew at all, but a black chicken. "I have," said the magistrate, "witnesses to testify that they heard my crow holler in this woman's cellar."

The case was adjourned.

WE MAKE MEN AND WOMEN

SINCERITY



In speaking as they think, believing as they pretend, acting as they profess, performing as they promise, and being as they appear to be.—Boston Post.

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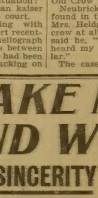

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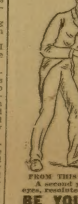

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FRESH AT NIGHT.

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If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result.

A school teacher of Medina, Kan., says in this connection: "I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts food five months ago. At that time my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of distress. I had taken various foods without good results, then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

"I commenced using that food and have since made a constant and rapid improvement in health in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in the most strenuous and exacting work.

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The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufactories in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without an equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Then you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. **Pattern Dept., CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.**

Description of Patterns Illustrated in This Issue.

No. 3830—Woman's Fancy Waist, 32 to 40 inch bust. This design can be made out of any of the various materials, Persian lawn, linen lawn, linen batiste and similar washable materials are all correct in combination with all over lace and insertion and tucking. For a person of medium size, 1¾ yards of 21 inch material will be required.

No. 3829—Woman's Princess Golf or Walking Skirt, 22 to 30 inch waist. This skirt was designed for the purpose of avoiding the antagonized causes by wearing the skirt separate from the waist. Every woman will readily recognize the advantage this skirt has over the old plan. For a woman of medium size 6 yards of 32 inch material will be required.

No. 3827—Surplus Waist, 32 to 40 inch bust. Here is a waist that suits some figures better than any other that has ever been devised. It is admirably adapted both to washable fabrics and to soft wools or silks. For a woman of medium size 2¼ yards of 36 inch material will be required.

No. 3824—Woman's Lounging Wrapper, 32 to 40 inch bust. A dainty wrapper of this description is always welcome as a present of receiving intimate friends and is essential to the comfort of every refined woman. The illustration is particularly adapted to just such use and can be made of thin washable fabrics for warm day wear, or of soft woolen material for the cooler weather. For a woman of medium size 9 yards of 27 inch material will be required.

No. 3829—Misses Skirt, Waist, 10 to 16 years. The simple sailor waist is always popular and always becoming to young girls. The illustration of the waist given includes the big sailor collar and the essential features. For a miss of 14 years of age, 2¾ yards of material 27 inches wide will be required.

No. 3819—Woman's Incrovable Cape, 34, 36 and 42 inch bust. Here is a very popular cape, every woman will readily recognize its usefulness. For a woman of medium size, 2¾ yards of material will be required.

No. 3833—Woman's Bolero Basque, 32 to 40 inch bust. Boleros and bolero effects make the most marked feature of the season's styles. The pattern illustrated has been designed so that it can be utilized to suit all grades of the season, of medium size 2½ inch material will be required.

No. 3811—Woman's Circular Skirt, 22 to 30 gracefull sweepers. This fashionable and pleasing materials the season's soft and fair in shape and to a nicety. It is circular to the indicated point, cut on parallel lines. The material falls free and graceful. For a medium size woman 9¼ yards of 21 inch material is required.

No. 3832—Woman's Jacket, sizes 32 to 40 inch bust. The model illustrated is adapted to convert cloth, black or tan broadcloth, as well as to black cheviot. For medium size 2¼ yards of 36 inch material is required.

No. 3834—Misses' Wrapper, 8 to 16 years. Here is a tasteful wrapper that can be slipped on and worn during the hours of privacy and rest and is as essential to the comfort of the growing girl as it is to her elders. For a girl 12 years of age, 6 yards of 27 inch material will be required.

No. 3826—Girl's Costume, 6 to 12 years. No summer fabric known is daintier or laundries more successfully than Persian lawn. The charming little costume shown illustrates the material trimmed with Valenciennes insertion with yoke of all over inserted tucking. The waist is made in baby style and is full at the yoke and again at the waist line. A girl of 8 years of age requires 7 yards of 21 inch material.

No. 3831—Woman's Guimpe, 32 to 40 inch bust. Guimpes of lace, tucking and all similar materials have become as essential to the wardrobe of the grown up woman as to that of the child. The numerous blouses require them, and with their aid, it is possible to make the same bodice high or decollete as required. For a medium size woman 1¾ yards of 36 inch material is required.

No. 3826—Woman's Tucked Skirt, 22 to 30 inch waist. Tucks not only continue to hold their places, but gain in favor as the season advances. The smart skirt illustrated shows a novel arrangement and one that is admirably suited to many soft materials now in vogue. The skirt is cut in seven pieces and is laid in three narrow tucks at each front and side seam, the fullness of the back being laid in an inverted plait. For a medium size woman, 11¼ yards of 21 inch material will be required.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Encounter With a Tiger.

The White Negro Magazine prints the experiences of a hunter who had an encounter with a man-eating tiger in Assam. He and his companions were watching on the veranda of their bungalow, and had grown sleepy. The hunter, in despair of a view from the tiger that night, leaned his rifle against the wall and put hand and arm, as far as the elbow, round the veranda wall in order to bend forward and take a final look outside.

At that moment he felt his wrist seized in the jaws of the tiger with such a grip that he was powerless to resist. With a shout, "Help! The tiger has got me!" he stepped backward off the veranda to the ground, yielding himself to the animal, as he knew that a struggle would result in instant death. The pain was excruciating, for the great teeth of the tiger were crushing through the flesh and bones of the wrist.

As for the rest of the party, they had been dozing in long cane chairs, with their guns beside them. In the confusion of their hasty awakening they rushed into the bungalow, closing the doors.

Meanwhile the victim was walking at the side of the man-eater, every depression in the ground causing him intense pain and wrenching the bones of his wrist. He says:

"We had proceeded in this manner for some fifty yards when we neared a nullah, or dry water-course, which formed a boundary between the bungalow compound and the tea bushes on the other side. In a moment I realized that if the monster got me into this nullah, I was done-and I gave one great shout for help.

"This was enough for young Radcliffe. Without a moment's hesitation he burst through the back door, rifle in hand—for which, by the way, he had effaced the bay-oner—and hurried to my rescue.

"The tiger had brought me to the brink of the nullah, and I, knowing that help was at hand—for Radcliffe had shouted, 'Hold on! I'm coming!' drew back as far as my strength would permit. Upon this the tiger turned deliberately round, facing me, and rising on his hind legs, placed his enormous front paws on my shoulders, never for one instant loosing the grip he had on my wrist.

"I exerted my whole strength—and I am a powerful man—to withstand the forward pressure of the heavy beast, throwing one leg back to act as a stay, and wondering how much I should be overcome by the tiger's superior weight.

"Then came a flash and a loud report, and the tiger fell over backward, loosening his grip on me as he fell. 'Run for your life, man!' shouted Radcliffe, and I needed no second warning.

"I was weak from pain and loss of blood, and Radcliffe had gained the bungalow some seconds before I reached it. The tiger, meanwhile, had partially recovered himself, and was on his legs again, and once more chasing me. As I plowed my foot on the step I was hurled forward into the center of the room, the door was closed with my weight, and the tiger fell across my body, dead."

Never Forgets This Bell.

Near Roanoke, Illinois, there is a schoolteacher whose ingenuity is great. Please call all his pupils—that is, the indolent ones. H. N. Wheelwright teaches a district school, and in a district school, you know—or perhaps some city children do not know—the teacher has to ring the bell and build the fire and sweep the floor, unless he pays some ambitious boy to do it for him. But this teacher does not have to hire a boy to ring the bell, nor does he ring it himself, yet, no matter what may be doing at 9 o'clock in the morning, that bell sets up a clatter that no boy or girl can escape. Mr. Wheelwright has arranged a clock which at the proper hour acts in motion an electric apparatus that puts the bell a-ringing. The boys of that district have no longer any hope that the teacher will be so busy that he will forget to call school. Ringing also at 10:45 a. m., 1 p. m., 2:30 p. m., and at 4 o'clock.

Butterfly Fishing.

The ordinary man would be startled if he were asked to row out upon the sea for a little butterfly fishing. Yet such a thing can be really exist in vast quantities and great beauty. The Mediterranean sea, swarms with these beautiful transparent creatures, that have wings exactly like their protoplazes on shore, and that use these wings as means of propulsion through the liquid element that is their home.

The sea butterfly catcher's outfit consists of a number of large, wide-mouthed glasses—small glasses and a net made of very fine cloth—stretched on a copper ring and furnished with a stout handle, after the manner of an ordinary butterfly net.

The Bay of Villafranca, in the south of France, is a favorite haunt of all the rarest and most beautiful sea butterflies. The fisherman—for he can hardly be called an entomologist—never out into the bay and takes a net in a place where the butterflies can be seen, so that the rim is barely under the surface, and the long handle is set on the edge of the boat against the thole-pin. The little craft is then very gently propelled forward by the boatman, and in this way the net is speedily filled. One of the large glasses is then dipped into the net and carefully raised when full.

The most beautiful of the sea butterflies are perhaps those that are known as the Needle butterflies. Their bodies consist of a shell, cylindrical in form, and as clear as glass. To this are fastened the wings, beautiful gauze-like appendages, in which are all the colors of the rainbow, that beat to and fro like those of a captive bird.

One species of butterfly has a body that is perfectly round, while its wings are united into a large disk, and its mouth is drawn out into a long, narrow proboscis with two tips, which the animal, while flying through the water, carries aloft between the wings, for all the world like the mast of a sailing boat.

Sea butterflies have no eyes and, unlike their land prototypes, they are more numerous on cloudy than on sunshiny days, and in the night time. In midsummer, too, they are excessively rare, and keep in the great deeps. Professor Chun, a well-known German scientist, and a great authority on sea butterflies, has reported fishing up certain species of them from so great a depth as a mile and a half.

He Scattered Diamonds.

A member of a firm of diamond merchants, while walking down Victoria street on a recent morning, in a fit of abstraction, pulled an old envelope out of his pocket and compressed it so tightly in his hand when he reached the last section the terrible fact dawned on him that it was the envelope in which were some 1,500 small diamonds, valued at $200, and that he had been waving these broadcast over a public thoroughfare.

The news spread with lightning-like rapidity. Shopkeepers locked up and came to the more lucrative occupation of picking up diamonds, while for a mile around an errand boy at his ordinary work was a prenomenon. Many of the street arabs armed with knives and sticks had never been seen. As it happened, the first lot of diamonds went down the cellar grating of a jeweler's shop. Ingenuous youths fished for them with a piece of bird-lime attached to a stick, and received three pence at a time. Others sat in the gutter sorting an anxiously-guarded handful of dirt. Still the crowd grew. At one time over 1,500 lads were to be seen hard at work. From noon to 7 o'clock the street was nearly blocked.

When night fell candles, lamps and lanterns were brought to aid the indefatigable hunters for treasure trove. About half the diamonds have found their way back to the rightful owner. Some were sold to a shopkeeper, and the rest, like the graces of a household, are scattered far and wide.—London Express.

A Sharp Burglar.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to his ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he had a deeper motive than this. He thereby became suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

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Our Four Great Art Works

"The Horse Fair" was painted by Rosa Bonheur, and was first exhibited in the Paris Salon. Later on it was exhibited in London, where it was bought by Ernest Gambart for $55,000. At Mr. Gambart's death the picture was sold for $53,000.00 to Cornelius Vanderbilt, who presented the canvas to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, where it is viewed by thousands of people. This is one of the grandest pictures in the world.

"The Baloon" is by Julian Ashton, who is one of the most celebrated French Painter, who has been decorated with numerous medals and honors. He is a master of light and shade and women in the harvest field himself gazing at a balloon passing over them. The original painting cost $60,000.00 and it is also one of the most valuable pictures in America.

"Christ in the Temple".

This original painting is by Hoffman, and it is one of the wonders of the world. It shows Christ among the bewailing tanners in the Temple and the Pharisees of Jerusalem, as was found in the Temple in each disciples with the priests. Illustrations from this picture are found in some of the greatest religious works and sermons of to-day. Our picture shows all of the colors of the original and is superior to a great deal of the work put on the market.

"Uniting Home Ties."

This beautiful picture has just been painted. It shows a young lady parting with the old mother in her easy chair, thinking of her son who will be off to war. The door is open and the soldier son is facing the world, and the mother is fore announcing his presence. The finest elements of the picture appeal to every mother.

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Everyone seeing these Four Works of Art, will want to give our Agent a Subscription at once.

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We know the four art pictures are the greatest collection ever published, and we challenge any concern to show four such splendid subjects. Nearly every one sees these pictures and a copy of Boyce's Monthly will be glad to pay 50 cents for a year's subscription and the four pictures and what we want is an agent in every town to show these pictures to their friends and neighbors. We trust you and we will trust you to any risk. You can take the agent's sample outfit, showing the four pictures, and get subscribers to promise to pay 50 cents when the pictures are delivered. We send the pictures to you and enter the names on our subscription list. All you have to do is collect the 50 cents from your subscribers, deduct your cash commission, which is 20 cents. Most anyone who spends a few hours a day can get from 15 to 20 subscribers a day. If you get a hundred subscriptions a week it means $20.00 a week, which is a pretty good salary for such easy work.

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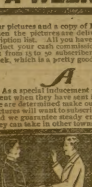
As a special inducement we are going to give a reliable gold plated American Watch free to every agent who will buy and send in one hundred subscriptions to Boyce's Monthly at 50 cents per year. We are determined make our subscription office as liberal and so simple that every one who sees the pictures we will want to subscribe and our agents can easily make from $20.00 to $40.00 a week right along, and we guarantee steady employment to such agents. As soon as an agent has subscribed nine town they can take in other towns from time to time, these standing them as agents' renewals, which will run from $9.00 to $20.00 while



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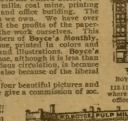

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